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India

The Financial Aspect

By SIR GEORGE SCHUSTER

Sir George Schuster was Finance Member of the Executive Council of the Viceroy of India from 1928 until last year

THIS series of talks on India has been announced as a controversial series, and you have already had presented two pictures of the constitutional plan drawn in broad lines from different points of view. My task is to deal with its financial implications. I have to come down more to detail, because when one talks on Finance one must be precise. I want to give as objectively as possible a picture of financial realities as a background to the controversy.

That is important because one of the test questions about the whole plan is, 'Will it work financially?' Its critics have on many occasions chosen this ground for attack, and said, 'India cannot afford it', or 'The whole plan will break down for financial reasons', or 'Financial conditions in the world in general and in India in particular are so precarious that it is not safe to transfer financial responsibility'. General phrases of this kind must be carefully examined. Let me first test the statement that the financial situation in India is particularly precarious. Here we must remember that these are times of unparalleled difficulty for public finance everywhere—when the bottom has been knocked out of the revenue position of practically every country; when honestly balanced budgets, even among Governments of first-class

financial repute, are the exception rather than the rule. There can hardly be any country where revenue has been more affected by these conditions than India, for one of the main characteristics of the world depression has been the falling away of international trade, and the Government of India's main source of revenue—customs import duties—depends on international trade. Just to give a measure of the difficulties with which India has had to contend, the value of India's exports of merchandise dropped from a ten-year average up to 1930 of £245 millions to about £100 millions. Yet the actual financial result over the three worst years of the depression up to March, 1934, was that the Government of India not only met all current expenses out of revenue, but actually set aside surplus revenue of about six million sterling for the reduction of debt—and that after providing a great sum last year against earthquake damages. This result shows that the financial system is fundamentally sound. But the critics say this has only been achieved by a strain, and that the additional commitments involved in the new constitution will increase the strain to breaking point. It is this warning that we have to test. What exactly are the new commitments? Clear analysis is necessary. We must distinguish between what is really additional expenditure and what merely represents transfer of revenue from the Central Government to

the units of the Federation. Again we must distinguish between steps which are obligatory from the outset and steps to be taken when financial conditions permit.

I will analyse what is involved, taking as my basis the Select Committee's report, which makes its comparisons with the Budget figures for 1933. The Report says:

First, there will have to be enlarged machinery of government both in the Centre and in the Provinces, which will cost £560,000 annually to the Centre and a similar amount for all the Provinces combined. This is real new expenditure.

Secondly, the Report says, 'You must carve out of the territory of Bombay a new province of Sind, and out of Madras and Bihar a new province of Orissa. And, as these are deficit areas, so that the new provinces cannot be self-supporting at the outset, they must have subventions from the centre'. This means partly real additional expenditure—for the new government headquarters—partly relief to the Provinces from which these deficit areas are to be withdrawn. The 'additional expenditure' element is about £187,500, and the 'relief' element £600,000, of which £487,500 represents relief to Bombay, and the balance to Bihar and Madras.

Thirdly, the Report says, 'Burma is to be separated from British India'. This involves a loss to India—and a potential gain to Burma—because what is now raised in central taxes from Burma is more than the central government expenditure there. The exact amount depends on the terms of the financial settlement with Burma, and on the yield of the taxes. The Committee's Report puts the loss at £2,200,000, but points out that as against this the Government of India can, if necessary, raise money by imposing revenue duties on trade between Burma and India. The Committee's estimate is considerably higher than the latest estimate of the Government of India, but anyhow this item must be treated separately, for the government of India will have to adjust its policy for recovering revenue on trade with Burma in accordance with its actual needs.

Fourthly, the report says, 'The Central Government must hand over half the jute export duty to the jute-growing Provinces'. This means at present levels in round figures about £1,500,000, of which £1,300,000 will go to Bengal, £110,000 to Bihar, and £90,000 to Assam.

Finally, the Report says there are certain 'deficit' Provinces where there is no likelihood that revenue and expenditure can be made to balance, and to these the Central Government must make fixed subventions—the amounts to be settled after expert enquiry. How much must we allow for this item? The first thing I have to say is that a great deal of it is covered by the proposals already outlined, which in fact touch all the most difficult spots. The only Provinces which have recently got into a definite 'deficit' position are Burma, Bengal and Assam. Bombay and Bihar also claim to have special difficulties. Now of these Provinces Burma goes out of the picture on separation. Bengal's need is mainly met by the jute tax surrender. Bombay will be saved nearly £500,000 on the separation of Sind. Bihar gets a good share of the jute tax. Assam also gets something out of the jute tax, but perhaps not enough, and in my view Assam is the only clear case where some further special help may be necessary, even taking account of new expenditure to be met by the Provinces. But, even if some further moderate assistance has to be allowed for, I would not put the whole amount necessarily involved under this head of the Committee's proposals higher than £400,000.

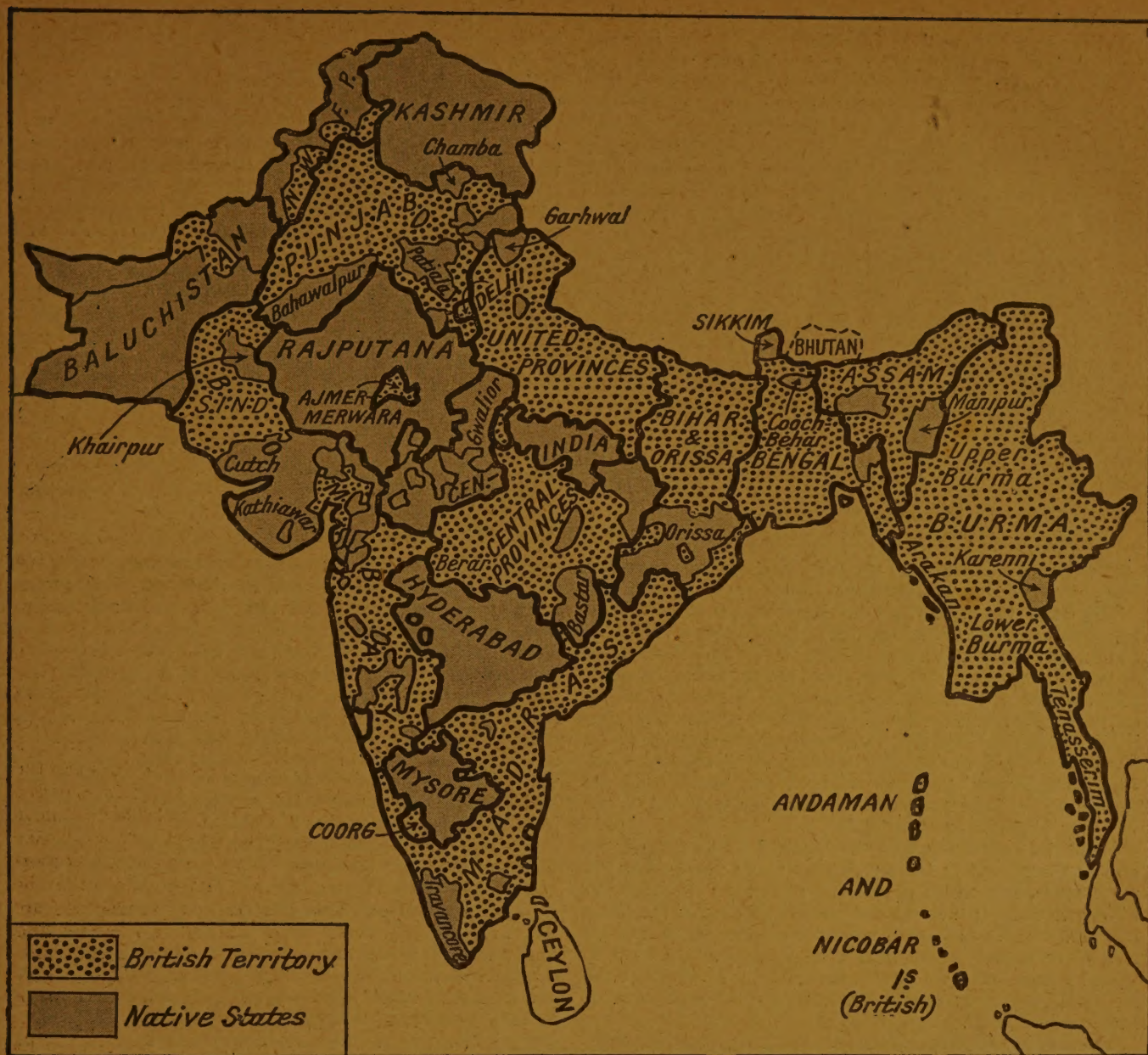
We can now add up the total of these obligatory financial changes. It comes to this in round figures—the Central Government has to find £750,000 for absolutely new expenditure, to find £2½ millions for relief of the Provinces; and to adjust its position on the separation of Burma. The Provinces, leaving Burma out of account, have to find about £500,000 for real new expenditure.

The essential question then is, 'Can the Central Gov-

ernment stand the strain of finding three-and-a-quarter million pounds plus the unknown factor involved over Burma?'

My first answer to that question is that a large part of the strain had already been taken up. In the Budget for 1934—the last Budget which I had the honour to introduce—we actually made provision for the surrender of half the jute tax, for which I have allowed £1½ millions in my total. What remains is only the task of finding £1¼ millions, and adjusting the Burma position. I should be the last to under-estimate the difficulty of this task, but one must see it in its proper proportion. The total Budget of the Central Government runs to about £100 millions, and that Government, even at present slump levels for revenue, is still paying its way and setting aside £2¼ millions annually for debt reduction. There are already signs of an improving trend in tax revenue and State railway receipts. In these circumstances I think it quite impossible to say that financial difficulties must be accepted as an obstacle to proceeding with the constitutional plan. But the most effective answer to such arguments is that the greater part of these difficulties would have to be met regardless of the constitutional changes. The real new expenditure which results from them is only £1¼ millions, and all the additional transfers from the centre—the object of which is to help the Provinces—represent needs which already exist and which would in any case have to be faced.

So much for the obligatory adjustments. But that is not the whole story. The constitutional plan contemplates not merely the transfer of the minimum amount of revenue necessary to restore equilibrium to the poorer Provinces, but, looking to the more distant future, a change in the general allocation of revenue as between the Federal Centre and the units, so as to give the Provinces a share in expending revenues and concurrently to relieve the States of certain cash payments which they now make to the Government of India. The Committee's Report accepts the view that under the present allocation the Central Government, whose needs for expenditure are comparatively rigid and fixed, has all the elastic and expanding sources of revenue (mainly income tax and customs) while the provincial governments carrying, as they do, the responsibility for the social services which demand increasingly generous treatment, are left with rigid and unexpanding sources. This view has long been urged by the Provinces, and they have concentrated on claiming the whole or a part of the proceeds of income tax. The plan for an All-India Federation has added a new theoretical justification for this claim because the States have made it clear that they will not join the Federation if that is to imply liability to the present income taxes, and it would be, on the face of it, an anomaly if the taxpayers of British India make a contribution to the Federal revenues which is not shared by those in the States. Too much weight should not be given to this last theoretical point. A federation of this kind cannot start without anomalies. The hope must be that in practice they will gradually be smoothed out. On broad principle, however, it is undoubtedly right that the Provinces should have a share in expanding revenues—though incidentally I doubt myself whether income tax is the right tax to give them. But this principle must be subject to the over-riding practical question, 'Can the Central Government afford the sacrifice?' True its needs may be limited, but as far as they go they are vital—the service of the Public Debt and Defence. These must not be jeopardised. And it is only if a margin over and above these needs is available that it is safe to talk about further transfers of revenue. The Committee's Report recognises this. It says in effect that it is not safe now to commit the Federal Government to handing over any precise share of income tax within any precise period. It expresses the hope that the position may have improved before the new Constitution is inaugurated, and recommends that the amount of any share and the period over



which its transfer is to be spread be fixed by Order in Council at the latest possible date.

It seems to me that the Select Committee have taken the only possible line. Many of us believe that the present level of revenue represents an abnormal depression and many of us hope for improvement. But these hopes have already been long deferred, and you cannot base constitutional proposals on hopes. There is a great need to face realities in this matter, and a great danger in encouraging hopes amongst the Provincial governments that they can expect large distributions of revenue from the Centre. But it will be asked: 'Is this really fair to the Provinces? Can they really carry on?' I believe that they will be able to carry on after what I have described as the 'obligatory transfers' have been made, while to my mind nothing could be more unfair to them, than to hold out false hopes and thus to create the idea that the sacrifices which in every other country have to be faced in these hard times, may, in their case, prove unnecessary because help is coming from the Centre.

Nor do I believe that their resources for raising revenue within their existing powers are fully exhausted. Talk of help from the Centre has tended to divert attention from other possibilities. Let me refer on this subject to one of the ablest surveys of the Indian financial problem which has been made during the long-drawn-out series of constitutional investigations—that by Sir Walter Layton contained in the Simon Commission Report. His estimates and expectations have naturally been thrown out by the world economic collapse, but his broad lines still hold good. He recognised the great need for larger expenditure by the Provinces on education and other social services, and he went so far as to

outline a plan by which an extra £30 millions should be made available for these purposes. But, and this is the point I want to emphasise, this fund was to be made up only as to £9 millions by a transfer of funds from the Centre and as to £21 millions by raising taxes which under the existing constitution the Provincial Governments themselves have power to raise.

I do not suggest that anything like this is possible in the present depressed conditions, but I do suggest that it is wrong to create the impression that every outlet for expansion is closed, and that the only hope is to deprive the Centre of taxes on income.

A further point stressed by Sir Walter Layton on which I fully agree with him is the difficulty of a proper development of the tax system, either at the Centre or in the Provinces, under the present constitution. And this brings me to the whole wide issue of the transfer of responsibility. Attention in this country has been mainly concentrated on the risks of this course, and on the safeguards against those risks which are to be embodied in the constitution by giving the Governor-General certain emergency powers. The general scheme of safeguards is well known, and I cannot attempt to deal fully with it now. What I want to emphasise is that safeguards are the negative side of the plan, and a side which I hope will remain in the background. There is a positive side to the policy of transferring responsibility which supplies its real justification. I venture to assert that, even in these hard times, India could find a margin for expanding expenditure on social services, but that the problem can only be properly tackled by Governments both at the Centre and in the Provinces which can command the support of the public in raising

additional revenue because they are national Governments and because they have the responsibility of deciding how the revenue is to be spent. No one who has not worked the present system in India can fully appreciate its difficulties. It is a system in which the Government has to get all its financial proposals through a legislature of which non-official elected members form the vast majority, a system in which the easiest way for a non-official member to win popular applause is to criticise the irremovable official executive, and where criticism can be unrestricted and irresponsible because the opposition has no fear of being asked to take over responsibility and make good its words. Speaking from my own experience, I can only express great appreciation for the support which I have received from the Indian Legislature in a series of very severe and unpleasant budgets. Many elected members have faced unpopularity for the sake of supporting principles of sound finance in a way which deserves our admiration and which should reassure some of those in this country who are nervous about the new proposals. But the present system is

unfair to both sides, and all of us who have worked recently in the Government of India feel that the time has come when, if the national problems—financial or otherwise—are to be fairly faced, real responsibility must be given to a national Government. That is a hope for the future.

For the present, to sum up, I hold that there is good ground to anticipate that the minimum obligatory needs for setting up the Federal and Provincial Governments, and placing the latter in financial equilibrium, can be met without jeopardising the financial stability of India. I recognise that, when resources are available, further adjustments should be made between the Federal Government and the units, but the possibilities of this cannot yet be fairly relied on, and it is better not to hold out hopes until those hopes are within sight of realisation. In the meantime the duty should be clearly laid on all the units of Government in India to adjust their expenditure to their present resources, and to make the most of these resources in preparing for the new Constitution.

The Need for Caution

By LORD LLOYD

SOMEONE to whom I was talking about India the other night said to me, 'The whole question is so complex and so vast; the more I hear of it the more I despair of being able to come to a considered opinion about it'. Well, of course, that is true in a sense. India is a vast and tremendous continent. Its climates, its peoples and the conditions in which they live are so different from our own that words cannot convey an intelligible picture of the Indian scene. And there is all the strange political and constitutional jargon—about Reserved and Transferred Departments, Communal Constituencies, Federal and Provincial subjects, which tend still further to bewilder the mind not familiar with the actual workings of government in India.

None the less, the reasons that compel us so strongly to oppose Government's India policy are really simple. I know, for instance, that many of you will have been told that the difference between us and the Government is that the Government wants to go forward while we want to stand still: or that Government is the people who want to do what is right by India while we merely want selfishly to cling on to an Imperial position in India. Of course, neither of these statements is true at all.

There is no one of us who has ever advocated standing still. We all of us recognise, whatever views we may hold as to the suitability of Parliamentary Government in Eastern countries, that we are committed by the Act of 1919 to the introduction of self-government by stages into India, and everyone agrees that the time has arrived when another step along the road must be taken. But we hold that Government is moving too fast. No Government in the history of the world has ever attempted to make such vast political changes at such reckless speed.

The Reasons for Prudence

Let me remind you, as one who has spent 30 years in the East, and who has actually worked the reforms in India, of just a few facts about the Indian situation. However well we know them we are so apt to think of conditions as something akin to our own—whilst, in fact, they could not be more different. The reforms which Government is asking you to pass are going to affect not just one nation, but one-fifth of the population of the whole world—some 360 millions of men and women. The census tells us that 90 per cent. of the people cannot even read or write, and the ignorance of India is dense to a degree unknown in Europe. It isn't even as if they all were of the same race, or all talked, as we do, the same language, or shared the same religion. There are scores of different races and religions and they speak at least twenty different main languages, let alone 200 dialects. They are still further divided by differences of religion and caste more bitter and acute than anything we can understand or have ever experienced—so that some sections of the people are considered actually untouchable by other large sections of their fellow-countrymen. It is to people so bitterly divided by religion, speaking such a babel of different languages, and of

whom barely ten out of every hundred can even read or write at all, that Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin propose to give Western Parliamentary government with all its machinery of votes, elections and the like. You will at once see quite clearly, however, that when Government tells you it proposes to give self-government to India, what it really means is it proposes to hand over the Government of the Indian peoples to a small, educated, but quite inexperienced section of Indians and allow them to govern the 90 per cent. of the masses instead of ourselves. Now that is a very serious thing to do, because under Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858, we have absolutely promised to ensure to the masses of the people just and impartial government. That is a pledge we cannot break; and as the happiness of some 300 millions of people is at stake, it is surely evident that we ought to move very carefully in this tremendous affair.

There are two other reasons for great prudence—one is that in practically every other country in the East where Parliamentary Government has been tried it has broken down and involved the peoples in great misery and suffering, and ultimately ended up in autocracy. That has been the case in Turkey, in Persia, in Egypt, in the Philippines and in China. But a breakdown in India would be far more terrible, and if we had gone too far, the damage might be irretrievable. The other reason is that the evidence we already have of India's capacity for self-government is not at all encouraging. India has had local self-government for some years past, and the result in her municipalities and District Councils has been, if not disastrous, very discouraging. The result of such self-government as India has so far had has been to make government more costly and less efficient. These are good reasons, not for doing nothing at all, but for going forward with your experiment step by step and with extreme caution. But that is exactly what Government refuses to do. It insists on handing over not only the whole government in the Provinces to Indians, but a great deal of the responsibility at the Centre at one and the same moment.

Why Two Reforms at Once?

We who oppose the proposals are justified, we claim, in asking this question. Why must you take two such enormous steps at once? Nothing in our past pledges commits us to such an action. On the contrary, the Act of 1919, the only pledge by which we are bound, commits us definitely to cautious and gradual progress—the exact opposite, indeed, of the Government's policy. We have to remember that economic and political conditions in India at the present are as unfavourable as they can be. The responsibility of governing the Provinces is a very heavy one, and one which Indians have only in part undertaken, and only for a very short period. Why then do you lay upon them the double burden, before you have the security that they can successfully undertake the single?

The Government's answer is that Provincial Autonomy will fail unless you have a strong Central Government; it says the present Government is weak, and the only way to get

a strong Central Government is to bring in a Federal system and hand over the responsibility to Indians at both the Centre and the Provinces at the same time.

Well, I have worked as a Governor of a large Indian Province—and I do not agree that the present system of Central Government is weak. It has shown itself amply capable of strong rule whenever the Viceroy at its head was strong. But even if it were weak, why substitute for it a Federal form of Government which is notoriously of all forms of government the weakest in the execution of the law, a system of government, moreover, which in Australia and Canada has produced, and is still producing, endless friction and litigation, and which in the United States of America has been responsible for much of the lawlessness for which that country has been conspicuous? At the present moment Western Australian representatives are actually here in London, so discontented with Federation that they are pleading to be freed from it, and I am told that in the United States of America nearly the whole of Roosevelt's 'National Recovery' legislation is endangered because of legal claims that it encroaches on the rights of the States. If this is the result of Federation in countries composed in the main of one people, one language, and one religion, conceive what will be the confusion and litigation in a disunited country like India.

What the Simon Commission Recommended

If it was really essential to the success of the reforms in the Provinces that this tremendous and hazardous experiment should be immediately made at the Centre, one would have expected that the Simon Commission would have recommended it. The Simon Commission did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, after two years' diligent and careful examination of the problem on the spot, it recommended that Indians should be given full responsibility in the Provinces, but that the Central Government should remain responsible to Parliament, and that our controlling and guiding hand should remain there for the present. The Simon Commission, remember, was a Statutory Commission representing the three parties in the State. It was more, it was an impartial Commission and, unlike the Joint Select Committee, came to unanimous conclusions after an exhaustive investigation. Why should we then accept a bare statement that it was wrong and that the form of Government it deliberately recommended must lead to disaster?

There is, of course, another argument used to try to persuade us that these grave risks must be run. It is said: 'Oh, the Princes have agreed to Federation provided that responsibility for Government at the Centre is handed over to Indians, and if we don't hand over that responsibility at once, we may forfeit for ever the Princes' agreement to Federation'. (It is like a children's story: the fairy Prince with the magic ring on his finger has been found asleep in the garden; snatch the ring now or he will wake and fly away and we shall never see the ring again!) Are we seriously to believe that the Princes have so little knowledge of their own interests or the interests of India that they are really likely to act in this wholly unaccountable manner?

But some of you may say: 'That's all very well; we admit it does look as if Government was taking unnecessary risks, and we really can't conceive why Government should send out a Royal Commission to India and let it spend two whole years examining the problems, only to reject its advice and not even discuss its report in Parliament. But then, how is it that so many people of experience and weight support Government? Are you really asking us to believe that all these important people are wrong?'

Fear of Indian Political Agitation

For the answer to that question I think we must search a little way back into recent history, and if we do so I think we shall find that fear of the consequences and of Indian political agitation has recently been allowed to become the over-riding consideration. We shall see that although the Act of 1919, which introduced the Montagu-Chelmsford Reform, did embody a great concession to Indian political opinion, it never was willing to surrender to mere political agitation. The same reasonable firmness was maintained after the reforms were introduced. Gandhi and other leaders of Indian agitation were punished when they broke the law. Fear of possible consequences did not go so far as to allow the law of the land to be broken, or so far as to consent to negotiate

with the leaders of subversive movements. But then came a moment in 1930 when fear of the consequences—fear of agitators—was suddenly allowed to dominate our actions. Gandhi was allowed to break the law with impunity, a hasty concession to political agitation was made by the announcement of Dominion Status, and then there followed the most serious and far-reaching step of all when the Socialist Government decided to bargain for a settlement with the leaders of Indian political opinion, however extreme.

Once that fatal decision was taken, our whole position and our whole purpose were altered. Never since then have we attempted to face squarely the real question—the question how far are Indians as yet fit to govern themselves? The Simon Commission faced that question bravely, and unanimously decided that although India might be able to undertake government in the Provinces, she could not yet do it at the Centre. The Simon Report was shelved—for fear of the consequences—and the question it had faced was shelved, too. The Government fled from the field of impartial investigation and entered the field of negotiation, with the result that henceforth inconvenient facts had to be disregarded. From that time onward the welfare of the masses had to be subordinated to placating the politicians. It was in that field and in those fetters that the representatives of the Round Table Conference had to work, with the result that by the time the Joint Select Committee got to work there was probably not one member who was not acutely conscious that he had been led and manœuvred into a pass that had already been sold.

Lessons of Past Experience

It is astonishing that we learn nothing from experience. Over and over again, in this place or that, we have been assured that we had only to surrender our position to win the goodwill and loyalty of Nationalist agitators; surrender in Ireland, surrender in Hangkow, surrender in Egypt, surrender in Ceylon: surrender, mind you, not only of our hard-won privileges, but of great moral duties to the peoples—in every case the result has been to weaken our own position and strengthen that of our political enemies. The same elder statesmen whose advice we followed in these cases are now asking you once again to rely on their advice and to make the biggest surrender of all by handing over our own people in India as well as the peoples of India to the tender mercies of the Congress Party. Be sure, not one of the leaders of Indian political opinion will say thank you for your pains, and if they decide to work the reforms at all they will work them only in order still further to weaken what remains of our position.

When all other arguments fail, Government spokesmen just say: 'There is really no alternative: if we do not do these things there will be revolution in India, and you cannot govern India by force'. Once again, you see, the old argument of fear—fear of the consequences.

What is our reply? Of course, so long as British Government remains in India, so long that Government will always have to face the opposition and hostility of noisy political malcontents. These are found in every country and in all circumstances. But revolution of the masses of the Indian people—the kind of revolution which must be met by the rule of the sword and the shedding of blood—believe me, such a revolution under a British Government in India will never take place so long as that Government is just, impartial and fearlessly attentive to the true interests of those it governs. The crisis we shall have to face in India if good government is lost will be worse than anything we may experience from mere political agitation.

Many of you will say: 'But isn't it too late: what can now be done to stop it?' It is not too late. Each one of us can at least protest to his Member of Parliament and raise his voice against a great breach of trust. Remember that these proposals depend upon assumptions which are highly speculative. The financial situation has yet to improve; the Princes have yet to come in; the politicians of British India may yet raise their terms. If any one of these conditions remains unfulfilled the whole question will have to be reconsidered, and our task is to see that this great issue is decided on its merits without fear of what the consequences may be to us.

The merits of the question are simply these: they are the security and welfare of the masses of illiterate people to whom the meaning of a vote is unknown and to whom a vote means

(Continued on page 119)



Coffee plant covered with berries

E.N.A.

Markets and Men

Coffee from Brazil—I

By J. W. F. ROWE

In this new series of twelve talks, J. W. F. Rowe, University Lecturer in Economics at Cambridge, and J. Jewkes, Senior Lecturer in Commerce at Manchester University, will describe certain of the industries (coffee, sugar, rubber, tin, cotton, wool, oil and wheat) which produce the world's staple foodstuffs and raw materials.

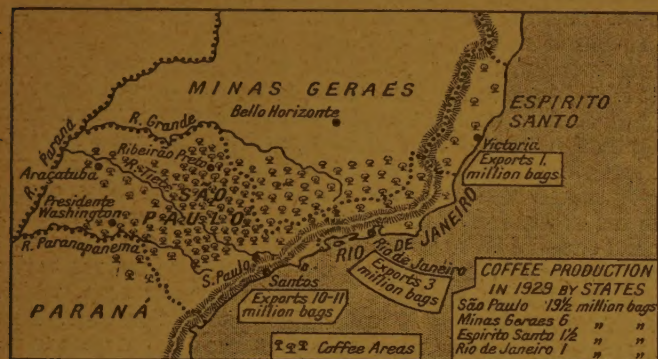
DURING the last four years Brazil has burnt a quantity of coffee equal to nearly two good average crops. It is clearly an appalling state of affairs and I therefore propose to start this series of talks by trying to explain why sheer destruction of part of their coffee crops was thought by the Brazilians to be the only way of escape from their difficulties.

Brazil produces about 60 per cent. of the world's supply of coffee even today, and 10 years ago the proportion was nearly 70 per cent. The balance comes, firstly, from a group of countries on either side of the Panama Canal, notably Colombia, Venezuela, Costa Rica, Honduras, Salvador and Guatemala; secondly, from the Dutch East Indies; thirdly, from some of the West Indian Islands, notably Haiti; while lastly, in recent years, what is in comparison a small supply has come from Central Africa, that is, from Kenya, Tanganyika and the Belgian Congo. Now, the production of these other countries, the so-called 'mild' coffee countries, does not vary much from year to year, whereas Brazil's crop varies enormously owing to the weather and other conditions. Moreover, these mild coffees are of much better average quality than Brazilian coffee and are therefore all bought before the Brazilian coffee. Consequently the adjustment of production and consumption for the world as a whole in any year, and the general price level of coffee, really depends upon the Brazilian crop. More than two-thirds of Brazil's crop is grown in the State of St. Paulo, and the physical features of this bit of country are that along the coast there lies a mountain plateau three or four thousand feet high, and some ten miles broad. This plateau is precipitous on the coastal side, but on the other side the country rolls away gradually lower and lower

right across to the great Parana River. As regards the climate, there is a wet season roughly from November to March, and this is also the hottest season. The winter, from April to October, is dry, and usually one gets a prolonged period of hot sunny days and fairly cool nights. General and serious frost occurs only at intervals of ten to twenty years; even these serious frosts are what we should call very slight, but the coffee tree is damaged by two or three hours of a temperature only two or three degrees below freezing. A more frequent, though less serious, source of damage is the cold winds which sweep up from the south.

The coffee tree would be more accurately described as a large thick bush which reaches its prime in about twelve years, and on good land it will be perhaps 8 to 15 feet high, with a diameter of about 12 feet. The trees will bear a reasonable crop in four to five years, though they do not reach their maximum yield until ten to twelve years. After the trees are twenty years old their size and foliage gradually diminish, and so, of course, also the yield of berries. But even in its prime in a good year, a coffee tree will only yield about 2½ lbs. of coffee, and so you will see what an enormous number of trees are required to produce 15-20 million bags each weighing 132 lbs. The trees are raised from seeds, and the main business of cultivation is to keep down the weeds which would otherwise check the growth of the trees, and later, when the tree bears, the ground beneath it must be absolutely clean and firm, because the mode of picking in Brazil is simply to strip the branches by running the hand down them, allowing the berries to fall on to the ground. Then they are raked up, and put through a sieve to remove any dust, leaves, bits of stick, etc. Broadly speaking, one man and his family can look after 4,000 trees. Thus the

cultivation of coffee trees lends itself to operations on a large scale. In Brazil there are 21 estates with over one million trees, but these very large estates are quite exceptional. There are a fair number with 50,000 to 200,000 trees, but the most common size is between 10,000 and 50,000. On the other hand, there are over 13,000 estates with less than 5,000 trees, so that a substantial part of the industry is in the hands of what may be called peasant proprietors, because such small estates will be worked by the owner and his family with a little hired



Map showing the principal coffee States of Brazil

labour for the picking of the crop. A very few of the bigger estates are owned by British companies. All the rest are owned by Brazilians, and even the largest are still family concerns, and are not organised in joint stock company form.

In the centre of the estate will be the factory buildings for the preparation of the coffee berries as they come from the tree. The fruit of the coffee tree is like a very small cherry, only the stone is in two halves, and it is these two halves which are the coffee beans. The berries are usually dried in the sun on enormous terraces, where great heaps of them are kept constantly turned over, either by hand or by mules which drag boards behind them. As it dries, the berry splits and releases the two beans. The beans must then be milled by machinery in order to remove a sort of parchment skin with which they are covered. Finally the beans are graded, put into sacks and taken either by mule cart, or in these days more often by lorry, to the railway station, whence the coffee is dispatched to Santos. Santos is the market for almost the whole of the production of the State of St. Paulo. Rio de Janeiro is the market for the States of Rio and of Minas Geraes. At Santos and Rio the coffee is sold to exporters and shipped to the United States, Europe and elsewhere.

Good weather for the coffee tree means abundant rain during the Brazilian summer—our winter—and during the Brazilian winter sufficient sunshine and not too low a temperature. Suppose then that the weather is very good, and a bumper crop results. The bearing of this bumper crop greatly exhausts the vitality of the trees, and even if the good weather continued the next crop would almost certainly be much below normal. Normally the tree is not in a condition to bear a second bumper crop for at least three or four years. After that, the bumper crop may come any time, depending simply upon the weather. Hence there is a fairly regular normal cycle of bumper crops followed by two or three short crops and then more or less average crops unless and until the weather produces another bumper crop. Broadly speaking, the bumper crop is double the short crop.

Now this crop cycle is a great trouble from the point of view of prices. The demand for coffee does not vary very much, even though the price may vary a great deal. In the great coffee-drinking countries like the United States and on the European continent, people do not consume much more coffee when it is cheap, any more than people in England consume much more tea when it is cheap. Similarly, they do not consume much less when coffee is dear. Consequently, even though the price of a bumper crop were very much reduced,

not much more than usual would actually be consumed. The surplus over normal consumption has to be purchased by merchants and stored until it is needed to make up the deficiency of the short crop, and this storage is perfectly feasible because coffee does not deteriorate for several years. In bumper crop years, therefore, the planters used to get a very low price for their coffee. They had to sell practically the whole of their crop in order to get cash to meet the abnormally high total cost of producing a bumper crop. The merchant then stored the surplus until the next year, and therefore in the short crop year the amount of coffee on offer in the market might not be much less than the normal consumption, with the result that the price in the short crop year would not be much above normal, even though the costs per bag of producing that short crop were much greater than the costs of producing a normal crop. The planter felt that the merchant had it both ways, not realising, perhaps, the heavy costs of storing and financing the unwanted surplus, and forgetting that competition between merchants must prevent their making continuously excessive profits. The planter might see the coffee which he had sold to a merchant one year sold by that merchant, perhaps only twelve to eighteen months later, at a price half as high again or more. And he felt that if a bumper crop meant low prices, a short crop ought to mean high prices. The planter felt that if only some scheme could be evolved to hold back the surplus from the market in the bumper year, then the price in the bumper year would not be so disastrously low, and subsequently they would get the fat profits which the merchants seemed to be making. The fact that most of the big merchant firms are foreign companies—chiefly British, American and German—also added to the planter's discontent. Moreover, these views found support from the politicians in Brazil, though on quite different grounds. Coffee forms no less than 70 per cent. of the total value of Brazil's exports, and if the value of coffee exports falls, the trade balance of Brazil is upset and the foreign exchanges turn against her. Moreover, from taxation and other general political points of view, it must be realised that coffee is the hub of the whole economic life of the most important



Sorting coffee beans by hand

By courtesy of the Brazilian Government

part of the country. If the coffee planters are prosperous and have plenty of money to pay good wages, everyone is prosperous, and trade generally thrives. If the coffee industry is depressed, the whole economic life of the country is depressed.

It was thinking along these lines which led the planters and the government of the State of St. Paulo to experiment with what are usually called Valorisation Schemes. Whether these schemes really brought any net benefit to the planters or the country is doubtful. Perhaps, on the whole, there was a small net benefit, but what matters is that both the Government and the planters were quite certain that they were a great benefit. Consequently in 1923, a permanent scheme of control

was started whereby the price was to be maintained at what was considered a reasonably profitable level for a normal crop, and if in any year the whole crop could not be sold at this price, the surplus was to be stored until there was a corresponding deficiency. Under the scheme special State warehouses were established in the interior, to which the planters had to dispatch all their coffee. From these warehouses coffee was sent to the market at Santos as it could be absorbed. If the price went up, more coffee was released from the warehouses until the price fell again to the correct figure; if the price went down, less was released until it rose again.

The financial arrangements of the scheme are rather more complicated. For, of course, the planters could not be expected to wait without payment until their coffee was sold, since on the basis of past experience of crop cycles, that might well be two or three years. In the normal way the banks advanced money to the big merchant firms on the security of the coffee which they had bought from the planters and were holding in their regular warehouses at Santos or Rio: and the merchants were then able to pay the planters. But it was another thing for the banks to advance money to planters far away up-country on the security of coffee deposited in State warehouses from which it could not be got at the will of the banker. The banks might, therefore, not be willing to finance the planter under the Valorisation Scheme. And so a special State bank was created on the strength of a large loan obtained in London, and any planter could get an advance against the receipt given him for his coffee by the State warehouses from this State bank, even if the ordinary banks were unwilling to give it to him. So long, therefore, as this bank had funds in hand wherewith to advance money to the planters, coffee could be withheld from sale for an indefinite period, for the bank would advance 70 to 80 per cent. of the current value of his crop to the planter, and this would amply cover his cash expenses of production. When his coffee was released and sold, the planter paid back the advance he had obtained, and any balance was his final profit.

That is the bare outline of the machinery of the Valorisation Scheme. All went well for the first few years, and the machinery was gradually perfected. Actually in the years 1923-6, the task of the Coffee Institute (which was the title of the department which administered the scheme) was easy, because though there was a large crop in 1923, over the four years as a whole the supply of coffee was barely equal to the demand. It may, in fact, be doubted whether the control really made much difference over the period as a whole, though it certainly smoothed out price fluctuations. But then, in 1927, came the test. That crop totalled 26 million bags as against an average demand of 14 to 15 million bags. But all went well. Further loans were raised to pay advances to the planters; the surplus was held back in the State warehouses; and though the price declined for a time, it was raised again, and maintained more firmly than ever at the desired figure. According to all precedents everything should have been well. For this huge bumper crop should have been followed by several short crops, owing to the exhaustion of the trees. The 1928 crop was, indeed, a short one—under 11 million bags—but then, to the amazement and horror of the Brazilians, the flowering of the 1928 crop was very heavy, promising a second bumper crop, which eventually proved to be no less than 29 million bags. This meant that a further 14 or 15 million bags would have to be stored in addition to the 10 million still in store from the first bumper crop. And moreover advances would have to be made to the planters on this additional 14 or 15 million bags. The Coffee Institute went on bluffing that all was well, hoping to get still more loans from abroad, or special credits from the Bank of Brazil. But the Wall Street storm was now brewing in New York, and nothing could therefore be got from abroad; while the Federal Government would not allow the printing of paper money at home. Eventually, having come to the end of its finances, the Institute had to stop making advances, prices fell precipitously, and the whole scheme crashed down, much to the surprise of the world as a whole, for the Institute's bluff had been successfully swallowed.

Science in the Making

Factors and Inheritance

By Dr. JOHN BAKER

The 'Science in the Making' talks this term will be shared by Dr. John Baker and Dr. A. S. Russell, who are respectively Demonstrator in Zoology and Lecturer in Inorganic Chemistry in the University of Oxford. Dr. Russell has been a frequent contributor to the pages of 'The Listener'

PERHAPS what I call science isn't what you call science. I wonder. My own subject is zoology. I teach it at Oxford. The object of the study of zoology is to get to know more about animals. That and nothing else. The object of the study of chemistry is to get to know more about the composition of substances. How do these subjects hit you, if you don't happen to be a zoologist or a chemist? Obviously, they will only hit you in their applications. That is why lots of people think of science only as applied science. When they think of chemistry they think of dye chemistry, drugs, poison gas—anything that is of obvious use to mankind. Horrible! When they think of physics, they think only of wireless, telephones, that sort of thing. When they think of zoology, they may think of mosquitoes—how knowledge of mosquitoes made malaria preventable; or perhaps they may think of all the parasites on domestic animals and applications of that sort. Awfully important, I agree, but only side-lines: these things are not of tremendous intrinsic interest. The scientist who really finds things out, is he the applied scientist? Did a dye chemist discover aniline dyes? Did an illuminating engineer discover electric light? To take a very recent case indeed, did an anæmia specialist discover the cure for pernicious anæmia? The answer in each case is 'no'. Great things are seldom discovered by so-called practical men. A man becomes a great scientist if he has inside him an irresistible urge to find out about things, without considering whether his work is going to help humanity immediately. The pernicious anæmia man, Whipple, has himself told us that only a few weeks ago he had no thought of the cure of anæmia in his mind when he was doing his work. He was interested in the way that the red colouring matter of the blood is built up in the body. That

study was worth while to him for its own sake. Fundamental discoveries are only made by people who are interested in fundamentals. The more fundamental the discoveries are, the more likely they are to have useful applications; but the person who is looking for applications all the time doesn't discover much.

I think I can make my meaning clearer perhaps by a musical analogy. Suppose a man made a life-long study of the financial aspects of music (I mean, can one make more money by playing a flute or by playing an oboe? and that sort of thing)—do you think that man would be likely to be a great composer?

So I make no apology whatever for telling you that I'm going to consider here what will seem at first a very curious subject indeed—one that seems very unlikely to have any practical application. I have specially chosen the salivary glands of insects as the subject for the first talk, because it seems to me to be about the most important thing that is going on in biology at the moment: important, I mean, in the scientific sense: important because fundamental for an understanding of something applying to every kind of animal and plant—inheritance.

You may wonder what the connection is between these two things. Well, nobody did connect them until a very short time ago. But now workers in Texas and Leningrad have connected them, and it is one of the most exciting things that has happened in biology for a long time.

How shall I explain it? It is not easy. You know about chromosomes, don't you? The male germ cell or sperm has in man twenty-four chromosomes, and the female germ cell or egg has the same number. They are microscopic rods, often shaped like bananas, and there is an enormous amount of evidence that they carry the 'factors', as they are called, which make the embryo grow up as it does. There are 'factors' for

blue eyes, brown eyes, red hair, feeble-mindedness, colour-blindness—for everything. The fact that one grows up to be a human being at all, and not a cat, for instance, is thought to be due to the 'factors' in the chromosomes.

We don't know a lot about inheritance in mankind, because we can't induce anyone to marry any special other person unless they happen to want to get married, and because even a single generation takes such a long time to be produced. We do know enough, though, to be certain that inheritance in man takes place in the same way as in other animals. With animals we can make whatever matings we like, so we can find out things much more quickly. If we chose the elephant for our studies, though, it would cost a lot in food and management, and elephants breed even more slowly than man. So you see that we must choose an animal that is easy and cheap to keep, and that breeds really quickly. That is why most students of inheritance have concentrated on the fruit-fly. The fruit-fly is rather like an ordinary house-fly, but it is smaller and breeds even more rapidly. I suppose that more has been discovered about inheritance from the study of the fruit-fly than from all the work done on other animals put together. But enough has been done on other animals and on man to show that the principles of inheritance are the same in all.

Now I can't possibly explain here why people conclude that it is the chromosomes that bear the factors. You must take it from me that they don't think so just for fun, or because they like to think that it is because experiments and observations have absolutely forced it upon them. The observations have *not* been observations on the chromosomes with the microscope, though. The experimenter mates two flies which differ in one or more ways, and he notes what the offspring are like, and what *their* offspring are like. I can't explain in a few minutes how the results prove that the chromosomes bear the factors, but they do. And not only that: these breeding experiments give almost conclusive evidence that the factors are arranged in a line along the chromosomes, in a definite order. We can say that a certain chromosome of the fruit-fly bears factors affecting body-colour, hairiness, eye-colour, presence or absence of certain spines, etc., and bears them all in a definite order.

Well, if I tell you that a microscopic thing shaped like a banana has the amazing property of carrying a string of hundreds of different factors like that, will you believe me? Is it difficult to believe? I mean, it would be easier if the chromosome looked like a string of beads, wouldn't it? And especially if it looked like a string of *different* beads.

The trouble is that chromosomes are so wretchedly small. Even with the highest magnifications of the microscope they still look small generally. Now at last we come back to the salivary glands. They are the key to the whole problem. It is like this. Every little cell in every part of the body has its proper supply of chromosomes, forty-eight in mankind, eight in the fruit-fly. It just so happens that the cells of the salivary glands of insects have huge chromosomes, even as much as seventy times the size of those of the other parts of the body.

What are these salivary glands? Just a couple of little glands in the front part of the body, opening on the lower lip. In biting insects they make the stuff that hurts, and in other insects they make a fluid that helps to digest the food, like our own saliva. If you happen to have a microscope, it is quite easy to study chromosomes in salivary glands. Quite a low-power microscope will do. Get one of the little red 'blood-worms' that live in mud-tubes in stagnant water. They are the larvæ of a special kind of gnat. Put the blood-worm on a glass slide and cut off its head with a sharp knife. The two salivary glands will flow out with the blood. Put a cover-slip on and look through the microscope. The cells are very big, and there are the huge chromosomes lying inside them! Look at them. They aren't like bananas, are they? They are much more like a string of beads, or rather, more like a string of coins. Not like piles of coins, because the disks aren't touching one another. And the disks or coins aren't all the same!

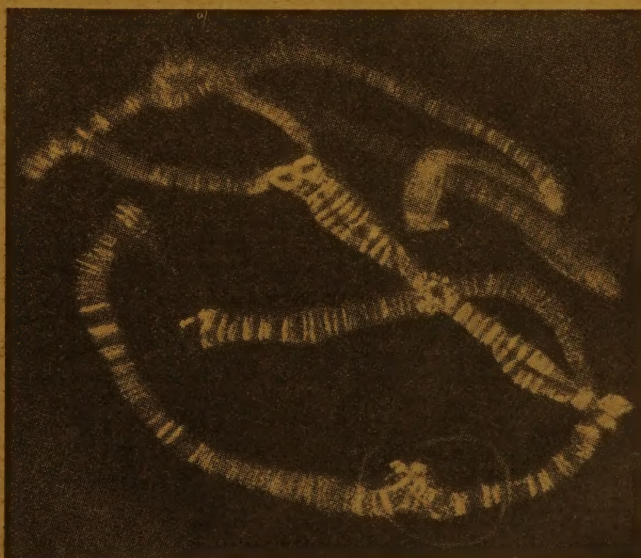
These curious chromosomes in the salivary glands have been known since last century, but it is only very recently that people have begun putting two and two together. Painter, in Texas, was the man who started the ball rolling. He studied the chromosomes of the salivary glands of the fruit-fly and showed that the different disks are arranged in a definite order in each chromosome, and that the order is always the same in the corresponding chromosomes in every fruit-fly. That fits in

splendidly with what the students of inheritance had found, doesn't it? We have here an orderly arrangement of different disks, and this might easily represent the orderly arrangement of different factors that the inheritance people require.

But that was only the start. Bridges, in America, has found a way of examining the interior of the chromosomes—really getting a good look at the disks. He finds that the disks aren't the ultimate units: they are composed of smaller units. But never mind about that: we are beginning to go *too* deeply into it, perhaps. But Bridges does think that when he looks at these disks he is really looking at the factors of inheritance. Koltzoff, of Moscow, has a different idea: he thinks the factors are the spaces between the disks!

I haven't told you the best part yet. Muller, a colleague of Painter's, has been working in Leningrad with a Russian called Prokofyeva. Now Muller is a student of inheritance, and Prokofyeva is a person who spends her time looking at cells. Muller has been bombarding fruit-flies with X-rays, and finding that inheritance is upset. He breeds from the bombarded flies, and finds that the order of the factors on the chromosomes is upset. At least, that is how he interprets the results of his breeding experiments. He finds that in some cases parts of one chromosome appear to have been lost altogether. In another case it appears that a bit of one chromosome has come apart from where it belongs and got stuck on to another one. Another thing he sometimes finds is that part of one chromosome has got turned round—I mean, instead of the factors being arranged: A, B, C, D, E, F, G, they get arranged: A, B, C, D, G, F, E.

Well, you will say, this seems to be a lot of guesswork. How can Muller tell all this about chromosomes, when he doesn't even use a microscope? That is where Prokofyeva comes in. She looks down the microscope at the chromosomes of the same individual flies that Muller has been studying. Just by looking at the chromosomes, she can tell whether a bit has dropped off, or whether a bit has come unstuck and got fastened on to another, or whether a bit has got turned round. She can do that because the disks are different—I have told you that already—and arranged in a definite order. Suppose we call



Chromosomes of a cell from the salivary glands of an insect
Each chromosome is seen to contain a large number of disks (stained dark) which are viewed from the edge of the figure

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the disks A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and so on. Then if we look down the microscope and see a chromosome with disks, A, B, C, F, G, but no D or E, then we know that a bit has been lost. So Prokofyeva can tell what has happened to the chromosomes in each case. And this is the crux of the whole matter: Prokofyeva's results correspond with Muller's. If Muller says that a bit of one chromosome has got turned round in a certain fly, then Prokofyeva finds that some of the disks *are* arranged in the wrong order. If Muller says that a bit of one chromosome must have disappeared, Prokofyeva has a look at the actual chromosome and finds that it is so. This is one of the most amazing practical confirmations of a theory that has ever been realised in science.



The Listener

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The Seats of Learning

AT the Conference of Educational Associations, which has just been held at University College, Dr. F. H. Spencer, in an address which rested on many years of experience as Chief Inspector of Education to the London County Council, dealt with the important matter of the buildings in which the great majority of the young receive their education. No local education authority in England, he said, could say of its elementary school buildings and premises that as a whole they were good. Seeing how many hours of impressionable life are spent in these buildings, it is self-evident that they deserve a place in the front rank of national building programmes; yet few sides of public work still bear so strongly the marks of an old tradition which took ugliness, poor sites and makeshift arrangements as a matter of course for elementary schools. The newer buildings everywhere show great advances on the old, but we are still far short of an adequate appreciation of what could be done. It is not entirely or even mainly a matter of money. The idea that classrooms ought to have bare walls, only holding strictly educational and dispiriting maps or charts, was effectively modified when the Empire Marketing Board began its free distribution of bright posters illustrating life in the Dominions and Colonies. Teachers welcomed those pictures and their accompanying leaflets with great enthusiasm, and no group more loudly deplored the abolition of the Board. Now the G.P.O., which has made itself the heir to some of the E.M.B.'s educational work, has begun its own series of posters for schools, making vivid the past history and present forms of transport. This is one instance where a needless monotony is being modified by official enterprise. Learning is needlessly handicapped when it has to be acquired in an unpropitious setting, and the setting can hardly be less enlivening than in school-rooms with no outlook and no atmosphere. If a succession of changing pictures is a distinct amenity, it is after all only an alleviation.

Much more far-reaching and hopeful are the experiments which for some years now have been made at Wytham near Oxford in the use of country classrooms. Last summer over a thousand children of school age went

once a week not to their regular classrooms but to special classrooms which have been erected in the country. The children went by motor-omnibus, at a 3d. rate, and took their midday meal with them and returned after afternoon school. Medical and educational opinion alike have found that the children have been greatly benefited and that so far from the variation of a normal routine leading to distraction and inattention, the change has an enlivening effect in addition to the obvious gain from the sun and open air. It is an experiment, carried on in a representative growing centre of population, which deserves to be widely adopted. It is not immediately possible for central or local authorities to plan a large scale rebuilding of elementary schools. Dr. Spencer is in favour of a ten-year plan; and when it is remembered that by 1945 there will only be something over four million children of school age, where twenty years ago there were more than six million, it can be seen that it is no impossible and profligate ideal to aim at remodelling or replacing present structures so that there will be better schools for the smaller population of the young. In particular the needs of school buildings deserve the attention of the townplanners and developers of residential working-class districts. The small, often angular asphalt playground, the absence of trees and shrub, even in the new areas where there is not the same handicap of expensive sites and congested buildings, are too often witnesses to the persistence of the feeling that a school has a severely practical purpose, and that therefore a prison or barrack note is quite appropriate. In particular, books deserve a different handling and presentation, and ought to be much more in evidence not as the inky occupants of desks or cupboards but in their nobler manifestations. Books today are reasonably cheap, even well-bound books, and the school authorities who want to implant a taste for reading as perhaps the best thing they can do for the young should not neglect the atmosphere that the proximity and display of books in varied profusion can bestow. Furthermore, as the talk by the General Manager of the British Film Institute (which we publish on another page) shows, the moving picture will soon have to be taken into serious account as an adjunct to the equipment and amenities of the classroom. In this respect Britain has much leeway to make up, as compared with her neighbours; and it is surely time our education authorities began to adopt a more venturesome policy in this important new field. It is less questions of public finance than the orientation of the past which hinders the much closer approximation of the elementary school to the cultivated home.

Week by Week

IT is an old paradox that professional comedians are the most serious-minded of men. Mr. Eddie Cantor, though he carries his wisecracks over from the studio into private life, is not entirely an exception to the rule. There was some good sense (as well as sentiment) in the little homily on road accidents which interrupted his quips and quiddities over the wireless the other day. 'A telegraph pole never hits a motor-car except in self-defence'. For that matter, neither does a pedestrian. But the tendency of drivers to make light of their encounters with telegraph poles is insidious, and the sooner bad driving becomes a matter to be ashamed of, whatever the issue, the better it will be for motorists and pedestrians alike. Mr. Cantor's incursion into the campaign for safer roads is interesting on any score. Before his arrival one would not normally have expected to see him hobnobbing in all the press photographs with Mr. Hore Belisha. Cynics will explain that his publicity manager cast a practised eye over the field, chose the loudest-boasted cause in the public mind, and instructed the Great Comedian to get himself mixed up in it as quickly as possible. Even if that were all, we should be grateful that a good deed gets done. But there is no occasion to assume that Mr. Cantor came out of character for five minutes of his

wireless time solely in order to cash in on ready-made publicity. His publicity was in full blast when he started. It was there for him to offer to some good cause if he chose; while Mr. Belisha had the good cause and was glad of the publicity. In so satisfactory a collaboration there was only one move with which we should disagree. Mr. Cantor (who ought to know) looked at the beacons and said they were nothing to laugh at. But why not? Did not Mr. Ford publish a whole book of stories about his 'Tin Lizzie' and sell all the more of them in consequence? The more people laugh at the beacons the less they are likely to be annoyed; and annoyance (however unreasonable) is the chief factor which might diminish their usefulness.

* * *

Of late years economic nationalism has raised its head in the arts, and particularly among the performers of music, whose profession has suffered from over-crowding and unemployment. Since part of the hardship arising is attributed, rightly or wrongly, to the growth of mechanical means of music reproduction it is inevitable that the B.B.C. should from time to time be criticised for not making more use of British artists. The criticism is natural, but ill-founded. For it is the task of the B.B.C. to give its listeners the finest musical programme possible, within a range of concerts which extends from the studio to the public hall. In organising these concerts the B.B.C. endeavours, whenever artistic considerations are equal, to make use of British artists; but it would be absurd to expect that in the highest class of performers Britain can produce more artists than the rest of the world put together. Analysis of the nationality of all performers at B.B.C. public concerts from 1930-31 to 1934-35 shows that an overwhelming preponderance of British artists has been employed in nearly every case as compared with artists of other nationalities. For instance, taking the Public Symphony Concerts alone during this period, analysis shows the following figures:—

	Conductors	Singers	Instrumentalists
1930-31	16 British 7 Foreign	15 British 4 Foreign	7 British 12 Foreign
1931-32	18 British 5 Foreign	11 British 3 Foreign	6 British 14 Foreign
1932-33	19 British 3 Foreign	10 British 3 Foreign	6 British 7 Foreign
1933-34	15 British 4 Foreign	10 British 1 Foreign	4 British 10 Foreign
1934-35	11 British 2 Foreign	8 British 1 Foreign	1 British 9 Foreign

Similar results appear from analysis of the performers at the B.B.C. Music Festivals in May, 1933 and 1934, and in January, 1934. The B.B.C. intends to continue on the same lines as heretofore, with the confident hope that British artists in increasing numbers will reach the very high standard required for appearance at its public concerts. The appearance at these concerts of the greatest artists of the world, whether British or foreign, is the strongest influence making for the setting of the highest possible standard; and it would obviously be a mistake to set a lower standard, which would deprive the concerts of their prestige as well as sacrificing the interests of listeners. At the present time British artists more than hold their own on the British 'air' alongside of foreign artists, largely because of the favourable but well-balanced policy which the B.B.C. has hitherto pursued.

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Mr. C. W. A. Scott, one of the prophets who a few days ago gave their tips for 1935 at the microphone, has not had long to wait for part of his prediction to come true—that is, the anticipation of a more lenient attitude between countries in respect of each other's aircraft. It was announced last week that Britain, Italy and Belgium have agreed to forgo landing fees for visiting non-commercial aeroplanes, provided those come from a country which reciprocates this concession; Italy has also suggested forgoing hangar fees on the same terms. A general acceptance of this plan would certainly do much to encourage air tourists, who are at present irritated by the variability in the fees (a Leopard Moth, for instance, pays 2 Swiss francs at Basle and 7s. at Lympne) and by the risk of having to pay twice over if bad weather forces them back

on their starting point. The other big gain recently to long-distance aviation has, of course, been the agreements whereby British air services to the East are allowed to fly over both French territory (from Paris to Marseilles) and Italian, with the result that at last passengers and mails from London to India and South Africa can really fly all the way, instead of being hustled into the train from Paris to Brindisi. There still remains, however, a multitude of restrictions in the way both of the private and commercial aeroplane, which bodies like the International Aeronautical Federation, the International Chamber of Commerce, and the London Chamber of Commerce are pressing governments to relax. Most of these can be traced back to the principle laid down in the Air Convention of 1919, that each country has sovereign rights over the air above it. Some of the restrictions are understandable, as when, for instance, France allows Imperial Airways, or Brazil allows Pan-American Airways (a U.S. company) to fly across their territory, but not 'traffic' in it—that is, not transport passengers from one place within the country to another, thus directly competing with that country's internal system of airways. It is reasonable, too, to forbid flying above naval and military establishments; but it is hardly reasonable to make these prohibited areas extend, as do Yugoslavia's, round all a country's frontiers, or, as with Rumania, to render most of the 'corridors' through which flying is permitted useless because they give on to areas prohibited by her neighbours. The result of these restrictions is frequently to drive the flyer either to make a detour beyond the capacity of a small aeroplane's petrol tanks, or to fly out over the sea, a proceeding which may invalidate the machine's insurance. Prohibited areas on both sides of the Straits of Messina have in this way made the 4-mile sea crossing from Italy to Sicily a detour of 80 miles for the flyer.

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The visitor to the countryside who spreads litter on the ground, leaves gates open, breaks hedges, tramps through crops, tears up flowers and ferns, sends his dog chasing sheep, and carves his name on ancient monuments, is a constant nuisance on whom neither bye-laws nor repeated public appeals seem to have any serious effect. The Council for the Preservation of Rural England has taken up the problem, and has decided to try out a system of Countryside Wardens in the hope of persuading 'shulers' (and others) to be a little less thoughtless and a little less lazy. Eighteen other organisations, representing both the landlords and the public which goes to the country for recreation, are co-operating with the Council in arranging for the appointment of suitable volunteers with an intimate knowledge of local conditions. The Wardens will carry a distinguishing armlet in their own territory. Elsewhere their special duties cease, but they will still wear a buttonhole badge which it is hoped the public will learn to recognise and respect. Their task is not likely to be easy. Some people automatically resent a request to shut a gate or to remove rubbish, however politely it is tendered. They turn nasty at the gentlest reproof, and the mention of a bye-law merely provides them with an opportunity to assert the liberty of the subject. But such ground-hogs are after all in the minority, and experience in certain National Trust lands in Derbyshire and elsewhere suggests that a tactful Warden may do much to preserve the amenities of the countryside by the exercise of an occasional reminder backed by courtesy and persuasion. The Forestry Commissioners have already agreed to grant special privileges in return for warden services, and if the scheme is at all successful there should be other landlords willing to follow their lead. Success will depend largely on the ability of the Wardens themselves to enlist the goodwill of the public. They will be specially chosen with this end in view. They will have no special powers, and will be in no sense policemen. Only in flagrant cases, when every other method has failed, are they to fall back on the law and lay an information. Meanwhile their services will be available in acting as guides, and answering questions about places of interest in the neighbourhood. So the scheme starts with one more appeal to the public: to do everything that can be done to help the Wardens in a difficult task; to recognise them as friendly advisers and not interfering busybodies; to consult them where doubt arises about bye-laws, footpaths, and rights-of-way; and to make allowance if at any time their zeal for the beauties of unspoilt nature should by some rare accident momentarily outrun their forbearance, their discretion, or their tact.

'I Have Seen the Indian Rope Trick'

By HARRY PRICE

The lengthy correspondence in our columns evoked by Colonel Elliot's broadcast last year on the Indian Rope Trick now culminates in this account by the Honorary Secretary of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation of a special performance of the Trick given last week in a Hertfordshire village by the showman Karachi

I HAVE seen the Indian Rope Trick. At least, I have seen a modest representation of that great illusion which has so interested correspondents of THE LISTENER during the past few weeks. The performer of the Trick was Karachi, of whom we have heard so much, assisted by his diminutive son Kyder, aged eleven.

Before I proceed further, I had better describe the Rope Trick of tradition. There are many versions, but the story which makes its perennial appearance in the Press is more or less as follows: a fakir, dressed in flowing garments, and accompanied by one or more assistants, selects a site for the Trick and proceeds to collect a crowd, which he carefully places. The performer takes a long rope, uncoils it, swings it round his head and lets the free end soar skywards—where it remains. With words which sound like imprecations, he commands a frightened-looking youngster to climb the rope. The boy obeys and disappears into the clouds. With a knife between his teeth the fakir follows the boy, disappears, and, a few moments later, to the accompaniment of ear-piercing screams, the horrified spectators see pieces of boy, mutilated and gory, tumbling out of the blue. When the shock of the 'tragedy' is at its height, they are amazed to see the fakir recoiling his rope, at the same time as the 'victim' is found at the back of the crowd, begging for baksheesh. That is the traditional Rope Trick, stripped of its trimmings.

Has the Rope Trick ever been witnessed in its traditional form? I do not think it has. I have carefully analysed all the accounts of the Trick which have come under my notice, and in each case there was a flaw, such as a faulty memory, incorrect sequence of events, mal-observation, ignorance of deceptive methods—or sheer lying. There was always *something* that would not stand up against cold analysis. Certainly there have been rope tricks in the form of conjuring illusions or stage turns, and I described one of the former in THE LISTENER of December 27, 1934. But the trick Hanussen witnessed broke down under analysis, whereas the Trick which we now regard as traditional *should not break down* under analysis. Also, there have been seen boys balanced on tops of bamboo rods, which travellers termed the Rope Trick. But that was because they could not tell a bamboo from a rope. The mass-hypnosis 'solution' is merely a legend: science will not admit that a number of persons can be hypnotised simultaneously under the conditions imposed by an itinerant showman.

On April 30, 1934, my friend, Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Elliot, convened a meeting at the Oxford House Theatre, Marylebone, in order to kill the Rope Trick stone dead and give it a decent funeral. The Trick was rather knocked about but it survived, as a glance at the correspondence columns of this journal proves. I was invited to the obsequies and on the platform with me were Lord Ampthill, a former Viceroy of India, and several other distinguished persons who had lived in the East and who had gone out of their way to see the Trick. But not only did they *not* see it, but they could find no responsible person who had. They received accounts from travellers who had mistaken the bamboo trick for the genuine article, which rather reminds one of the old lady who, after a tour of India, remarked that the most inspiring spectacle she had seen was 'the sun setting behind the Aga Khan'. I reiterate that there is no scientific evidence for the Rope Trick in its traditional form, and the Oxford House meeting confirmed this view.

Owing to mechanical and spatial difficulties, the Rope Trick, as an illusion, has never been popular as a vaudeville act, and Karachi is to be congratulated upon not only doing the Trick in the open air, but upon performing it before a body of sceptics who made no secret of the fact that they were present to discover the *modus operandi*. As was hinted editorially in THE LISTENER of January 2, Karachi was to be invited to London to do the Trick, and he has done it. I will now give the story

of his somewhat protracted visit. After some correspondence, it was arranged that Karachi should be in London on the morning of December 31, 1934, prepared to do the Trick. He duly arrived at our rooms, complete with Kyder and full Eastern regalia. But, like a bolt from the blue, he informed me that he was *not* going to do the Trick, and that at least four days' preparation of the site was necessary. Also, he had to scour London to find a 'certain rare mineral' which had to be planted in the ground where the Trick was to take place. I informed Karachi that I had selected Mr. C. E. M. Joad's Hampstead garden for the demonstration, and that I was sure Joad would not mind how many rare minerals were planted on his property. I also told Karachi that a distinguished audience was awaiting us at Hampstead, and that he had better make his apologies to *them*.

At Hampstead we were met by the Editor of THE LISTENER and his friends, and I had to break the news to them. They were not only surprised and disappointed, but somewhat hurt at Karachi's not warning them that he required four days in which to prepare the Trick. As some compensation for our trouble and loss of time, Karachi consented to don his Eastern robes and do a few rope-balancing feats, which were quite good. Feeling rather less disgruntled, we took Karachi out to lunch and asked him point-blank what he came to London for. His reply was to the effect that, given time, he was quite willing to do the Trick. He specified one of those wide, open spaces where he could work on the site without being overlooked. We agreed to all his conditions and found him a large field at Wheathampstead, a village a few miles north of Hatfield. He agreed to perform the trick on the following Monday, January 7.

I have already described the traditional Rope Trick which is usually accompanied by a traditional *mise-en-scène*: blinding sun, cerulean skies, scorching sands, a—very convenient—hazy horizon, with attendant palm trees and Sons of the Desert. The field at Wheathampstead was not a bit like this; but to compensate for these shortcomings it was next door to a comfortable inn, 'The Nelson', which was the agreed *rendez-vous*.

We arrived in a cold drizzle, which turned to snow, accompanied by a bitter nor'-easter. We found Karachi and his son in the bar parlour, all blacked up (Karachi is, of course, an Englishman) and wearing the robes of their profession: voluminous garments of red and yellow, with sky-blue turbans. Kyder had bare feet. In another room of the inn we discovered the remainder of our party which included the following: the Editor of THE LISTENER; Mrs. Mary Adams, of the Talks Department, B.B.C.; Mr. J. W. Brown, General Manager of the British Film Institute and owner of the field; Professor C. Daryll Forde, of University College, Aberystwyth, the anthropologist; Mr. W. E. Williams, Secretary of the British Institute of Adult Education; Miss Ethel Beenham, Secretary of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation; Mr. Alex. L. Dribbel, a student of the occult, and myself.

Having fortified ourselves within against the elements raging without, we made our way to the field. Karachi had planted his rug on a slight eminence—an ideal pitch for the 'talkie' set-up which had been arranged by Gaumont-British Films. Before the Trick, Karachi did some clever sleight-of-hand work with a pack of cards which, after three minutes, were sodden with snow. He then very cleverly balanced a six-foot rope horizontally on his hand and vertically on his chin. Then I spoke a few words into the microphone by way of introduction, and Karachi commenced his great Trick.

Squatting on his rug like a real fakir, with Kyder by his side, he threw us a thick rope about six feet long. We examined this and passed it back. It was not prepared in any way. Taking the rope under a star-spangled velvet cloth which he



Mr. Price introduces Karachi's son Kyder *via* the microphone



Karachi's third Trick. First elevation of the rope. The loose coils lying beside Karachi are separate pieces of rope which had been used in the previous tricks



Karachi's first Rope Trick. When transferred to the bystander's hand, the rope immediately went limp and fell down



The rope elevated for the second time—Kyder approaching to climb it



Karachi's second Rope Trick. The rope was examined before and after by the spectators



Kyder ascends the rope

used as a screen, an end immediately reappeared, pushed up from below with a jerky movement. It was quite rigid, and rose to a height of about five feet; it was then withdrawn. Another rope, about eight feet long and two inches in diameter, was then passed to us. It was unprepared, but very loosely woven. In the same way he placed the second rope beneath his cloth, and again an end appeared and crept upwards with a jerky motion. It was noticed that the rope was now *tightly* woven and very rigid. When about eight feet of the rope had been paid out, Karachi commanded his son to climb up it—which he did with considerable agility. We had seen the great Rope Trick!

Arrived back in the more congenial atmosphere of the bar parlour, Karachi was about to tell me exactly how it was done. But I stopped him. No one needed telling how the Trick was done. It was obvious to every person within a radius of fifty yards that the village blacksmith had played a major part in Karachi's feat. When the first rope went up, a semi-cylindrical metal rod supporting it from behind was plainly visible. When the second, and longer, rope was erected, it was quite obvious that it had a metallic core, around which Karachi had tightly braided the loosely woven rope. Some of our party afterwards saw the end of a tube (gas-pipe?) protruding from the ground under Karachi's mat, which had

a false flap. A person with a few lengths of steel, jointed like a fishing-rod, could have done the Trick as we saw it. The buried socket pipe would give ample support to a long rod sustaining the weight of a young boy, and I prophesied that Karachi would use a metal rod in sections. I congratulated him upon his simulating the Rope Trick so cleverly and, with a little more showmanship, he could make it a convincing spectacle. In the hands of a Houdini, it would look like a miracle. But we are not grumbling. We have seen the Rope Trick—and in a snowstorm!

[Our readers will note the extremely unfavourable conditions under which the above performance was given. The field, chosen so that absence of trees might eliminate any possibility of overhead wires, etc., was of heavy clay soil, sodden with recent rains. The intermittent sleet which swept the ground during the performance must have rendered manipulation of the rope unusually difficult. Under these conditions, with 'showmanship' reduced to a minimum, Karachi's achievement was remarkable, leaving no doubt that, given sandy soil and sunny weather, he could perform an impressive simulation of Part I of the traditional Trick. Mr. Price's explanation of the method used is no doubt right in principle; but the spectators were left guessing as to the precise details of its application, which seem to require extraordinary dexterity.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Youth Looks Ahead

A Plea for Continuity

By JOHN BOYD-CARPENTER

I MUST begin by making two confessions. The first is that I look to the future from a political point of view. The word 'political' is really rather a bad one to use: what I mean by it is almost anything which involves service to the community, such as the administration of the law or the designing of fine buildings. It is awfully easy to be very witty at the expense of politicians. But what I admit I can't understand is how any intelligent person can say that he is not interested in politics. Because politics is just the art of looking after the interests of all of us. Granted for a moment that all politicians are knaves or fools, that's all the more reason for keeping an eye on them. If you are in a car, it's no use, if you think the driver is drunk, just sitting back in your seat and saying you are not interested in motoring. And, after all, the politicians of today, whatever you may think of them, are engaged at this moment in a desperate and yet an undecided struggle to prevent the collapse of civilisation and all it stands for. They are at work on the most important job that there has been since 1,500 years ago other men fought and lost just the same fight, and the world crashed from civilisation into chaos.

That is one confession, that I look to the future from a political point of view. And the other is that I can't look round the world today without being frightened. You and I have seen some pretty terrifying things happen in the last few years. We have seen great Empires, like the Austrian Empire, simply disappear. We have seen revolutions, famine and misery spreading over the world. We have seen whole nations losing their heads and going wild. We have seen the worst passions in human nature let loose; things like persecution of men and women because of their race indulged in by supposedly civilised countries. You can't look at these facts and not be frightened. It is a queer mad world that you and I have got to face.

What are we going to do about it? We can't complain that there aren't enough suggestions. This country is simply full of people who have got plans—National Plans—that they are simply longing to try out on the country. Well, perhaps because I am a Conservative, I am just a little bit cynical about these people and their beautifully printed plans. They remind me of what the great Duke of Wellington said about Napoleon's Marshals. He said that they made their plans of campaign just in the way that you might make a splendid set of harness for a horse. It looked very well and it answered very well—until it got broken, and then you were done for. Now I, he said, made my campaigns of ropes. If anything went wrong, I just tied a knot and went on. I feel the same way about it. The whole genius of English politics and of English people has been that ability to tackle the immediate problem of the moment and not worry too much about the distant future. And in this

process of dealing with these immediate difficulties we have somehow or other developed the largest Empire that the world has ever seen and a constitution which the world, from France to India, is only too eager to copy.

For there is one thing that these cranks with their paper schemes forget, and that is that even the best human brain is a pretty poor thing. No human being who has any sense of responsibility can be so sure that he is right—that his one idea which no-one has ever thought of before is right—that he is entitled to ask us to on it risk the lives and livelihood of us all.

But where are we to turn for help? My answer is that I would turn, not to the wisdom of one man or even one generation, but to the accumulated wisdom and experience which in an old country like ours has been heaped up by all the generations which have gone before us. Mr. Bernard Shaw makes a character in one of his plays point out that, with the short lives we have, our statesmen die just at the time that they are beginning to learn something about politics. But if we pay some attention to our history we can have the value of the experience of centuries. Yes, you'll say, that may be true, but where are we to find this reservoir of political wisdom? My answer is that we can find a great deal of it not only by looking and seeing what our ancestors did and said, but also by looking at the institutions which they left to us. There we can find much of the political experience which they had to pay for—centuries and centuries of it. And we have no reason to believe that we are cleverer and more able than our ancestors. In fact, except in the purely mechanical details of life, such as plumbing and ventilation, there is good reason to believe that we are less competent. We can't build anything like as well as Wren did or write half as well as Milton. And in politics itself we must always remember that the generation which came immediately before my own was responsible, just over twenty years ago, for landing the world into the biggest catastrophe of all time, from whose consequences we shall not altogether recover in the lifetime of any of us.

No, we have no particular reason to be pleased with ourselves, or full of confidence in ourselves. We have every reason for intellectual humility. We ought not to be in a hurry to change institutions which have been left to us by our ancestors. We ought to assume, until the contrary is proved, that there is some good reason for any particular institution. If it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change. Those silly people who do everything to blot out the past, as by playing with the calendar so as to pretend that the world began with some recent event of which they happen to approve or by making their people learn some eccentric language, ignore the fact that stability in crisis, order, moderation in the

use of power—all the really civilised political qualities—are the products of long growth and care, like the lawn of an Oxford college. Your self-conscious new regime is so terribly afraid that some counter-revolution threatens its cherished existence, that it rushes to wild extremes, shoots and persecutes, just as if for centuries people hadn't done just the same and gained nothing by it. It is this complete and deliberate break with the past which is responsible for so much of the noisy silliness and dangerous stupidity which mark the politics of the Continent of Europe today.

I wonder whether some of you have seen the State Opening of Parliament? Because if you have, you have seen not only a wonderful piece of pageantry, but you have also seen one of the reasons why we in this country don't lose our heads in the way some of our neighbours do. The King of England sits, crowned and enthroned, as English Kings have sat down the centuries. The Sword of State is borne before him. Around him, in their robes and uniforms, are his ministers, his judges, his bishops and his peers. His faithful commons are clustered at the Bar. The ancient ceremonial is a reminder of the continuity and of the permanence of England. Ministers are reminded by it that their predecessors have faced and overcome dangers as great as those which threaten us today. We are all made to look at our problems with some sense of proportion—we are conscious of the fact that the troubles of our generation are not the only thing that matters. We remember that we have to concern ourselves with, in Shaw's fine phrase, 'the posterity that has no vote and the tradition that never had any'. And we are reminded that this country is never really beaten.

Yes, but what has all this got to do with the immediate question? How does it all bear on the real question of what we ought to aim for and work for in the England of the immediate future? Please don't think that I am taking the line that all is for the best in the best of all possible Englands, and that there isn't really much to do to make things better. That would be a silly attitude, and one which it would be contemptible to take up in a country in which, despite recent great improvement in trade, there is still so much real suffering. My point is that we shall deal with our difficulties much more effectively if we have in mind the whole time the lessons of our past. Of course, we must change: every living body must, but our changes ought to be like the natural growth of the human body, not the sudden cut of the surgeon's knife. May I give one or two practical examples of what I mean? A lot of people are pointing out nowadays, that as government has become a much more complicated business, we must adapt our machinery of government, our constitution, to deal with the new work which it is being given. Now we have developed for ourselves in this country a system of parliamentary democracy which suits us pretty well. We shall do much better to adapt it to our new needs, than to import some brand-new machine of government, glistening with black paint or red paint, and labelled 'Made in Rome' or 'Made in Moscow'. Our constitution suits us because we have developed it here: it has grown naturally, and it must for that reason be better for us than the most ingenious one that is artificially made for us. After all, you and I are much more comfortable walking on our own legs than walking with the aid of even the most beautifully made wooden leg.

And then there is our Imperial policy. For 150 years our policy has been deliberately to educate the subject peoples of our Empire up to a level at which they are fit to govern themselves. And once they have reached that level, we have freely and generously handed power over to them. This is not mere flabby generosity: it is of the essence of the considered policy by which we have built up and kept together the greatest Empire which the world has ever seen. We learnt our lesson when Lord North took the opposite line: in dealing with the United States he insisted on every morsel of Imperial authority, and so lost them for the Empire. Lord Durham, by reversing that policy, kept Canada in the Empire. And by keeping on those lines, we have built up our modern Empire. The whole secret of the success, the unparalleled and splendid success of British Imperialism, has been the fact that it rests, not on force, but on the loyalty, the consent, and, I may say, the solid interest of the peoples of the Empire. And the result has been that when a crisis came—as in 1914—the different parts of our Empire, instead of taking the opportunity of breaking away, rushed to our help. Here, again, we should be wildly irre-

sponsible if we were to change a policy whose result has been to make one in every four of the inhabitants of the world a subject of the King of England. Our imperial policy has behind it one supreme argument—that of success. Well, we have a lot of these Imperial problems to deal with now, and shall have in the new few years. And here I think we have got the answer to them.

Then we have got the question, very grave and very urgent, as to whether we are going in with Europe, taking on obligations, making treaties, or whether we are going to turn away from Europe and concentrate on our Empire and our ocean trade. Our whole experience has been that we have risen to greatness by concentrating our energies on our ships and our colonies. The fruitful periods of our history have been the ones when we have turned our backs on Europe and our faces towards the Great Oceans—as in the sixteenth century and in the middle of the eighteenth. Europe and its sterile intrigues have meant little to us but waste and loss. So here we have a clear hint to concern ourselves first and above all with our Empire and with other great overseas countries, such as South America and the United States. Our policy should be firmly based on the principle of turning our interest and our interests away from Europe and towards those parts of the world whose zenith is still ahead of them.

But the fact that a law or a policy is in existence isn't a reason why we should accept it without question. We have the right to look and see whether any particular law is really something which our experience shows has been of value to us, or whether it is just something which has been imposed on us at one time or another. Take the licensing laws, and indeed all the laws of the type which prevent us enjoying ourselves in the way we happen to want to. All this kill-joy legislation has been imposed on us in the last seventy years or so by a number of very earnest and very stupid people, who think that you and I can be made virtuous by Act of Parliament. These laws are quite contrary to our tradition and experience. England is traditionally 'Merry England'—not virtuous England. Cromwell, that gloomy bore, all warts and principles, tried to alter that, but we soon got rid of his gloomy republic. Similarly we ought now to sweep away those kill-joy laws—and the sooner the better.

You may think that I have been saying more about what we shouldn't do than about what we should. Perhaps I have: but then I do think most strongly that one of our great dangers in this country comes from silly and obstinate people who want to do all kinds of foolish and dangerous things. Of course it is awfully easy if you are what is called a 'progressive' to talk at great length and in great detail about your plans for the future; it is not very difficult to appear very constructive and very helpful; and it is a very popular line to take. Perhaps that is why so many people take it. But I don't believe in paper plans and schemes for the future and all the rest of it. In point of fact they have never got us anywhere. The things I believe in are much less showy; they don't sound well in perorations. All the same I do most strongly believe that we shall get very much further by using the lessons of our past, by refusing to be hurried and by keeping our sense of proportion, than by making great plans for the future. After all, in fact, the great developments of our history have always come about that way. And it is only fair to point out that it is we Conservatives who really get things done, even if we don't make a lot of noise about it. You may not agree; but it was Conservatives who passed the Factory Acts; it was Conservatives who made Trades Unions legal; it was mostly Conservatives who killed Free Trade; it really is one of the most amusing things about English politics that the people who deliver the goods are the people who refuse to get excited about the future.

In facing the problems which are ahead of us we always ought to bear in mind the fact that our greatest assets in this country are our vast accumulation of political wisdom and our long traditions of reasonableness and tolerance. We have seen the value of these things in the fact that we have been the only great nation really to keep its head in the last ten years; and in being the first country to start to recover from the economic crisis. And that is why I think we have reason to look ahead to our future with confidence in it and in ourselves.

The relay of the broadcast on the rescue of the *Usworth*, by Captain Bisset and the third officer of the *Ascania*, part of which we published on January 2, was arranged in co-operation with the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission.

*The Artist and his Public**The Artist's Vision*

By ERIC NEWTON

LAST week we agreed—or I hope we agreed—that every painter and every sculptor has a double message to communicate—a human message and an æsthetic message. Every artist is not only a highly specialised person doing a highly specialised job, he is also a human being,

thinking, feeling and acting in pretty much the same way as you or I think and feel and act. And so he is always being dragged, as it were, in two different directions. Let me quote an illuminating sentence from a letter by Claude Monet, the great French Impressionist painter, showing how this comes about. 'One day', he says, 'standing by the deathbed of one very dear to me, I caught myself with eyes fixed upon the tragic brow, in the act of mechanically looking for the tones that death had set upon that still face. Tones of blue, of yellow, of grey—how many? It is only natural to desire to make a last picture of one who is leaving us for ever; but even before the thought had come to me to fix the features I loved so

well, I was automatically moved by the colours'. There you have it in a nutshell. As a human being, Monet sees a dead friend, as an artist, he sees a mere arrangement in colour and line.

This sort of tug-of-war gives the artist an entirely new type of vision from the ordinary man. And here let me explain just what I mean by 'vision'. Most of us have perfectly good eyesight. We see things quite as clearly as the greatest artist that ever lived. But we see things clearly only in so far as it is useful for us to do so. We may have no eye for colour, but we know the exact colour a piece of toast ought to be when it's just done enough, because that's a useful thing to know. We know the exact curve of a friend's mouth which indicates whether he is angry or pleased, because that's a useful thing to know too. That is what I call 'human' vision. It isn't the same thing as human *sight*. It's the human *way of seeing*. And the vision of most of us is a pitifully limited thing, however observant it may be in little details like the colour of toast or the curve of a lip.

But the artist's vision is quite a different thing. It isn't concerned simply with the meaning or the usefulness of what he sees, but with the whole pattern and texture of it. To him the shape of a cloud or the light on a fold of drapery is as interesting as the shape of a nose is to us. To him the difference between smooth and towed hair is the

difference between two different textures, and both are equally fascinating. To us it is the difference between a tidy and an untidy person and we are inclined to like one better than the other.

We have got to be on the look-out for the double message

when we are looking at pictures—the human message, expressed in little details which we shall instantly recognise, and the æsthetic message, implicit in every corner and square inch of the canvas. In Leonardo's 'Last Supper', to take an example at random, you get a good instance of this mixture of the two things. Jesus has just uttered the words 'One of you will betray me', and each of the disciples is reacting to the startling announcement according to his nature. One is astonished, another indignantly denies that it could be he, another is violently angry that any one of the party could be so base, another leans forward as if he could not believe his ears. Leonardo has strained every nerve to make the picture a psychological study as well as a work of art. But all this world of human meaning is expressed in tiny details—the exact angle of a mouth, the shadow under a frowning eyebrow, the gleam of light in an eye—little bits of draughtsmanship that occupy sometimes not more than a square inch in that huge canvas. You have only got to make a few malicious touches with a brush and you have wrecked the picture as a psychological study. And yet those malicious touches would have done nothing to spoil the æsthetic message of the picture. The grand rhythms would still be there, and the magnificent balance of the figures, the colour harmonies,

the dignified and restful square of the tablecloth, the fascinating pattern of draperies above it, and the masterly way the figures are grouped in four definite clumps of



Detail from an Attic vase (c. eighteenth century B.C.)
From 'L'Art en Grèce' (Zwenmer)



Mosaic in St. Mark's, Venice



The Last Supper, by Andrea del Castagno

Alinari

three without seeming to follow any formal arrangement at all. But remember that a picture of the Last Supper could easily contain all the psychological insight that Leonardo has put into his version of it and still be a shockingly bad picture. Indeed mid-Victorian times produced shockingly bad pictures of this sort by the thousand. Don't imagine that I despise or underestimate the importance of this human, literary quality in art. Some of the greatest masters of painting—Giotto and Rembrandt for instance—have gone in for it quite as much as the Victorians did, but that was because they were shrewd and wise human beings, not because they were great artists.

So the artist's vision embraces the whole spectacle of existence while the layman's only includes what he needs in order to live his life with comfort and efficiency. It follows then that the layman's vision is a pretty constant thing. It hasn't changed much since civilisation began. But the artist's vision has undergone the most profound changes. Its history is the history of a constant struggle to see life steadily and see it whole. Only twice in the history of man has artistic vision achieved completeness. Once, in sculpture, in Athens, about the middle of the fifth century B.C. there was a complete realisation of the human figure, but only of the human figure. And once in painting, in Holland, about the middle of the seventeenth century, Rembrandt seemed to acquire a complete vision of his whole environment, so that a patch of crumbling plaster on a wall or the light falling on a tablecloth was as charged with meaning to him as the expression on my bank manager's face when I ask him for an overdraft might be to me. But this completeness of vision was only achieved after generations of artists had struggled with the problem of *seeing*, after hundreds of tiny little advances had been made, each one bringing the artist's vision a little nearer to its goal. Let us look at a few landmarks on this uphill road. Here you

have a picture of a chariot and charioteer from a vase painted in Greece about twenty-eight centuries ago. The artist who drew it was doing his best to see clearly the objects he was drawing. As brushwork it is very competent work indeed. It isn't his hand that failed him but his vision that is incomplete. He couldn't see the chariot in relation to the man, or either of them in relation to the ground they are standing on. And so the only thing he could do was to draw them all separately as well as he could and string them roughly together. That is why the wheels don't touch the chariot or the ground, and the man is standing on top of the chariot and not in it, and the shafts run up above the horses instead of between them, and the two wheels are set side by side instead of one behind the other. In fact, if this little drawing were not held together by a strong sense of rhythmic design it would be quite a deplorable piece of work. Now compare it with a piece of Byzantine mosaic. Notice how the inability to grasp more than one thing at once has entirely disappeared. The chariot was right in detail but wildly incorrect as a whole; the mosaic shows a splendid grasp of the figure as a whole although it is incorrect in detail. But there are still lots of things which are right outside the scope of the mosaic artist's vision. He sees the shape of things pretty well, but the volume of things has escaped him entirely.

Now go forward to the fifteenth century, to Andrea del Castagno's version of the Last Supper. Weight and solidity have now appeared. They are by this time part of every artist's vision. Perspective has appeared too. The grasp of the relationship between one part of the human body and another is much surer than it was in the thirteenth century. But the grasp of the relationship between one human body and another is still fairly primitive as you will see at once if you compare it with Leonardo's picture of the same scene painted about a century later.



The Last Supper—the copy by Marco d' Oggiono of Leonardo da Vinci's painting that hangs in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy

Photograph: W. F. Mansell

Andrea del Castagno saw all the thirteen actors in this drama separately and strung them loosely across the canvas. Leonardo's vision grasps all thirteen at once and groups them in big clumps. Castagno's vision sees men: Leonardo's sees humanity. Castagno puts, so to speak, a set of algebraical symbols in a row, unrelated to each other: Leonardo puts a bracket round the whole lot of them so that they form a single unit.

You might think that Leonardo had taken vision as far as it could go and that after him no advance would be possible. Not a bit of it. A century after him, Rubens grasped another set of truths which had been missed by Leonardo. Leonardo knew all about perspective. He saw his world as a succession of receding planes, one behind the other. To Rubens things were not arranged in planes parallel to the eye, but in radiating lines continually moving to and fro from the eye. This was something entirely new in art. Perhaps the easiest way to grasp the significance of the change is to imagine yourself up in an aeroplane. Any Leonardo picture, as seen from above, would arrange itself in neat rows, all in the same plane as the picture. Any Rubens picture in ground plan would be as complicated and as highly organised as Leonardo's is when seen from the front. In other words Rubens perfected the idea of three-dimensional movement and three-dimensional grouping.

And lastly we will skip much less than a century. A single generation will bring us to the last landmark in this rapid review of vision development. When we come to Rembrandt we can at last say that the long struggle is over, the top of the hill has been reached, or, to revert to the metaphor I used just now, the bracket which Castagno put round each single man and which Leonardo enlarged to take in the whole of mankind, has now been enlarged still further till it now embraces the whole of the visible world.

Rembrandt had all Leonardo's power of seeing one figure in relation to another: and all Rubens's power of setting one figure behind another so that you feel the picture from back to front just as vividly as you feel it from side to side. But to these two things—both of them pretty big things to achieve—he added two more. Hitherto artists had been almost entirely pre-occupied with seeing the shapes and the solidity of things. Rembrandt discovered that their shape and their volume were not everything. He discovered that the way the light fell on them and the way they reflected the light was equally important, and you can see in almost any of his drawings how he builds up a world in which the disposition of light and shadow is every bit as significant as the objects on which this light falls. That was his first contribution to the struggle for completeness of æsthetic vision. His second and greatest contribution is not so easy to explain. Rubens's figures, for all their organisation in depth, can be detached from their surroundings. Rembrandt's cannot. He has somehow got them and their surroundings inside the same bracket. All the component parts are welded together into a single texture, and from the point of view of æsthetic vision that is supremely important because it takes æsthetic vision to a point at which it cannot—literally cannot—progress any further. The top of the hill had now been reached, the bracket was now so wide that there was nothing more for it to contain, and the question naturally arose 'What next?' The art of seeing the visible world and translating it into paint was now complete. Obviously artists couldn't be content just to sit still and go on doing the same old things again and again. If the mere representation of things was all that art had to do, then all that Rembrandt had done was to deal it its death blow. And to a certain type of art that is exactly what he did. But there were still a few odd corners of vision still unexplored, a few sides of life still unrepresented. The eighteenth century came, and art went into temporary service. It went into service to the rich, and in doing so it discovered a new set of subjects which kept it going for another hundred years or so. Watteau, for instance, devoted his superb artistry to representing the life of the gay French Court: Reynolds, Gainsborough, and the painters of 'conversation pieces' devoted theirs to representing the dignified English aristocrat. But by the time the nineteenth century came along, the French Court had been swept out of existence by the French Revolution, and the English aristocrat was no longer dignified. So those two lines petered out. Then came a period of Nature-worship, and landscape came into its own. Some of the landscape painters were geniuses of the first rank—Turner and Constable and Corot were among them. But isolated genius wasn't quite

enough to keep the real flame alive. Then came the Impressionist painters, a group of French artists who remembered that Rembrandt hadn't pushed his researches into the nature of light and shade quite as far as they could be pushed, and inspired by Constable and Turner they began to paint light, and light, and nothing but light. But after a time the Impressionists became weary of this rather one-sided exercise and that line petered out too.

Meanwhile an ingenious little toy had been invented which dealt the final blow to the theory that realism in art was a thing to be striven for for its own sake. If proof were needed that the triumph of realism was an empty one, ample proof came when the camera did without effort in a fraction of a second what men had taken centuries to find out how to do. And so, if we are to regard the painter's problem as the problem of how to represent the visible world on a flat surface in paint, then we must regard the art of painting as quite dead at the end of the nineteenth century.

But fortunately that isn't by any means the whole of the painter's problem. Before the seventeenth century it was perhaps one half of the problem. In the days when every generation was discovering some new and exciting aspect of Nature to represent, then representation was worth striving for, partly for its own sake and partly for the sake of what the artist could do with it. But today there are not many people, I imagine, who would argue that it is worth doing for its own sake. The question then remains, if the artist is going to stick to it as part of his equipment, what is he going to do with it? If it is a means to an end, what is that end to be?

Now you may be thinking to yourselves, 'No doubt all this is true, and no doubt it is a very pretty bit of argument, but how is it going to help me to understand modern art? You tell me that Rembrandt conquered the visible world with his brush, and then you say that the victory wasn't worth having. If that is so, why should I bother about it?' My answer to such questions is that we shall never understand modern art unless we understand what has come before it and led up to it. For all art depends not only on the present but also on the past. All art is either an expansion of what has come before it, as Leonardo's was an expansion of Castagno's, or it is a revolt against what has come before it, as Giotto's was a revolt against Byzantine art. Just after a period of development has begun, artists settle down and start to cultivate the new land which their immediate predecessors have just discovered. But at the end of such a period, when the land is becoming exhausted, then they set sail and go off in search of new lands. And this is the stage we are in at present. Our artists have grown tired of the land their fathers have cultivated for so long. They are emigrating, and if we want to know where they are off to, we must pack up and follow them. But if they are emigrating, and if, as we have just seen, a good half of the lands available to art have already been explored, where are they to go to? What are the countries that still await the settler? If we can answer that question then we can answer the question 'What is modern art getting at?'

There are still plenty of new lands to conquer, but they are not lands we know much about. Here, at the beginning of the twentieth century, we are standing at the end of a long historical period, and at the beginning of another, and we've got to make up our minds whether we are going to spend our lives gazing regretfully into the past, or looking forward hopefully into the future.

The special exhibition, entitled 'Architecture 1935' which is on view at the Building Centre, 158 New Bond Street, consists of work by students at the School of the Architectural Association. A few models are shown and the walls are lined with drawings of every kind of building—the plans are as practical as their subjects are diverse—a tunnel, a new plan for Hyde Park Corner which would facilitate the direction of traffic there, a decoration for a ball-room. The model of a large drapery store is made to fit exactly a certain site on Oxford Street, and drawings of its interior include a carefully fitted mannequin theatre. The exhibition will be open until January 19.

The dates of the Group Theatre's performances of Mr. T. S. Eliot's 'Sweeney Agonistes', announced in our last issue for January 20 and 27, have been altered to Sundays, January 27 and February 3.

Mädchen on the Land

By LADY NAPIER

DIRECTLY I arrived in Berlin I found that an interview had been arranged for me with Frau G. Schlosklink, the head of all the women's organisations in Germany, and therefore a very important person indeed. I heard that there had been so many organisations that it led to duplication and overlapping—so it was decided to co-ordinate everything under one head, and she is that head.

Frau Schlosklink was married at nineteen and the eldest of her three children is now thirteen years old. Naturally there is some amusement that a mother should be taken from her home for public work in a country where so much stress is laid on home-making! But in this case there is a handy grandmother to help. After all, motherhood and home-making being put on the very highest pinnacle of women's work, it is natural for a mother to be chosen as leader. A point that struck me in talking to various people is that neither academic honours nor age carry great weight in Germany at the moment. They want their leaders to be young; there have been too many people of both sexes with university degrees without jobs. So now there is a reaction, and they do not think any the worse of Frau Schlosklink because she is young and has not been to a university.

I asked what steps are being taken to keep women from entering business or professions and to turn them into first-class housekeepers. During my stay I talked to heaps of people—Germans and others. I heard that there is much skilful propaganda; women are told that to enter the professions and compete with men is quite un-German: that they have never really liked it: that in her world, the world of the home, woman

developments of the present time. I longed to see such a camp. Again my kind hostess arranged it.

One of her friends called for me in a car. We motored about 40 miles out of Berlin, mostly through flat but pretty country, and found the camp for which we were looking had been a large country estate, now bought by the Government, cut up into small-holdings and worked co-operatively by small-holders who are being settled on the land. For these settlers, unwanted farm buildings have been turned into homes and also a whole colony of cottages has sprung up. The estate house has been adapted as a hostel, and the girls are responsible for all the cleaning, cooking, laundry and garden work in rotation, and also help the small-holders with their livestock and on the land. I understand that all the girls' camps are either, like this one, converted large estates or they are situated in the agricultural districts, and the girls help on the existing farms.

The journey had taken unexpectedly long. Where were we to have our mid-day meal? I was appealed to. Might we have it with the girls, I asked? They were having white beans, we were told. Would that suit us? Splendid, I said—but with rather a sinking feeling, for I was already hungry, and white beans by themselves sound a little dull, and in addition are very fattening!

But meal time was not yet, so we went round the house and had things explained. First of all, what is aimed at? Well, we hear, country people are the backbone of the nation. Those fine-looking policemen on the most difficult point duty in Berlin are *all* from the country. The townsman cannot stand the nervous strain. So the aim is to get as many people back to the land as possible. The camps are to take the young people between the ages of 17-25, and they are to put in at least six months on the land at this critical stage of their physical development. A good idea, that!

Next, young people are to understand that all work is honourable—so all young people are welcomed at the camps and mixed up. I mean not only that the various classes are mixed up, but young people from all parts of Germany are mixed together. Only the sexes are not mixed! A girl of rich parents, a shop



The last day at the office



Arrival at the farm

reigns supreme and indispensable, not only to all near her, but to her Fatherland: that this is Hitler's constant appeal to women. Therefore housewives are urged and encouraged to take girls who leave the elementary schools into their houses and teach them home management, while for those able to take a wider training there are many Institutions—like the Petzalotte Froebelhaus and the Letterhaus of which the excellence is well known.

Hitler's call is to the young, to the land, and to the simple life. Therefore the Colony or Camp system started in 1924 has been adopted and extended. It is one of the most interesting



Instruction in the cowshed

Photographs: Hartmann, Mannings

assistant, a typist, a housemaid, a dressmaker, an artist, may all share a bedroom—16 being the accepted number for one room. They are to learn that all good work, no matter how humble, is honourable, and to get glimpses into standpoints quite other to those of their home circle. In this way German girls from all over the Reich are to be brought into closer touch and understanding. Not a bad idea that, either!

Fifty in summer and rather fewer in winter—when there is



In the sewing room

Dorien Leigh

less land work to be done—is the number of girls aimed at, as this number allows of proper supervision. The Superintendent—called, I think, the Leader—is helped by one or more of the students wishing to train as leaders. The Leader should be from 30 to 35 years old.

As the house I saw was not built for a hostel, the number of 16 for a bedroom could not always be adhered to. In one room only ten girls slept together and there was one fitted wash basin. A row of ten tumblers, a toothbrush stuck in each, stood on a shelf near, with ten towels, each on a hook, below. I don't remember there being chairs, and the wardrobes were on the landing outside—half a smallish wardrobe for each girl. In an attic was a row of small suitcases—I think empty—in which the girls had brought their belongings to the camp. The beds were very simple, the mattresses straw-filled, no pillows. Each camper is provided with two brown blankets, with an extra one in winter. Sheets are changed every three weeks. A wash basin was the exception. Downstairs there was a toilet with a row of fitted basins, and in a corner a bath for the weekly tub which is the rule, and here, I think, all the other girls went to wash.

Working kit and a uniform are provided, and girls are not expected to bring many personal belongings. Nor would there be room for them. Each girl is given 20 pf. per day (2½ d. at par rate of exchange) but is not expected to get money from home, excepting for some special purpose, like a journey. All this puts the girls on an equal footing.

Work starts in the early morning. Most return for the mid-day meal, after which they rest for one hour on their beds. This is a regulation found necessary for health. There are lectures when the outdoor work is over. These rules apply to all camps.

The mid-day meal I had with the girls was served in a bright sunny room. The tables were arranged in a row, each was neatly covered with white American cloth and accom-

modated about 16 people. The girls sat on benches without backs. Everything was scrupulously clean. A patriotic song was sung before we sat down, no grace was said. The beans, about which I had felt slightly nervous, were really very good. They were large white haricots, cooked with a small amount of meat and a few potatoes. Each table had a tureen of the beans, and each girl brought her own plate and spoon—for which I think she was responsible. She could have as many helpings as she liked. My neighbour had three helpings, two of which were large ones! But at this meal there was nothing else at all, not even bread or water. A small cup of vinegar stood near the vase of flowers in the middle of the table, because some like vinegar with this soup. The meal was quite satisfying. When we rose and another patriotic song was sung, the table was just as neat and tidy as when we sat down—no crumbs, no slopped water.

Though once every few weeks students can go to church, there is no public religious observance at all in the camp. This is left entirely to each individual.

I suppose we spent three hours or more at the camp. It passed very quickly. To my amusement, on leaving we made for the nearest café—which was a few miles away—and sat down to cups of steaming coffee topped with whipped cream, and large helpings of cake! Was this because I had got through so little of the bean soup, and had I been tactless? I don't really know, but I could not eat all the cakes set before me, though my companions seemed to manage it. A party of girls from the camp, unmistakable in their uniform, came in as we sat there and made short work of a pile of cakes. I was surprised, it being so soon after the platefuls of haricots had disappeared, but it turned out that *these* girls had not been back to the hostel. I fancy they had been helping get in the potato crop of a more distant settler.

My impressions about what I have seen are in many ways very mixed, but in one particular not mixed at all. I feel, and feel most strongly, that the Germans are attacking health problems not only with their usual thoroughness, but thoroughly



After work come sport and play

Paul Popper

scientifically. Their schemes for national health services are wonderful. The whole nation is to be trained in health, also in obedience and in loyalty. Hitler's appeal is to the young. And he appeals for self-sacrifice, for work for others and for the Fatherland. The young always respond to such an appeal, and it behoves us in this country to sit up and take notice. Germany is determined to have a physically strong, healthy population.

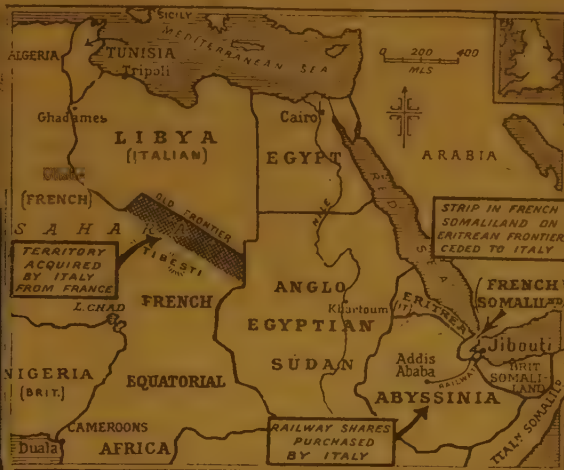
RADIO NEWS-REEL JAN. 7-13

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



The agreement between Italy and France, completed on January 7, is in four texts: the first states that Italy and France hold the same views on general policy; the second concerns non-intervention in Austria; the third is a pact in which they undertake to consult together if the independence of Austria should be threatened; the fourth is a convention dealing with colonial problems in Northern Africa. The illustrations show Signor Mussolini and M. Laval signing the pact: and a map showing the new frontiers concerned

Map: 'Daily Telegraph'



N.R.A. AND OIL

The Supreme Court of the U.S. on January 7 declared that the clause in the National Recovery Act under which the Government is trying to curtail the production of oil is invalid. The case concerned had been brought by two East Texas Companies who objected to restriction of production. Its importance is in the effect it will have on the whole Recovery Plan. The photograph shows militia who were called out to stop production inspecting chains which prevented oil pumps being used



SWEDISH PARLIAMENT OPENED

A bill for controlling the manufacture of war material was foreshadowed in King Gustav's speech at the opening of the Swedish Parliament on January 11

BECHUANALAND

Some time ago General Hertzog suggested that Bechuanaland Protectorate be transferred to the Union of South Africa. The Bechuanaland Chief, Tshekedi, has prepared a reasoned statement on this proposal in the form of a manifesto 'To the Parliament and People of Great Britain'. The illustration shows a native assembly in progress





FIRST SNOW OF THE YEAR

There was severe weather in many parts of the British Isles last week. The Eastern Counties suffered a very heavy fall of snow. The photograph shows conditions near Norwich.

Social history started a new page on January 7 when the Unemployment Assistance Board, the new national authority for the maintenance of the able-bodied unemployed, commenced its career. The illustration shows the members of the Board. (Left to right) Sir E. Strohmer, Sir Henry Betterton (chairman), Dr. Jones, Miss Markham, Prof. Hallsworth, Mr. Renard.



OVERCROWDING

At the inquest on a fourteen-day-old child who was suffocated in the room at Twickenham illustrated above, it was revealed that the father, mother and four other children had to live and sleep in the room.



HOGARTH'S LARGEST PAINTINGS

Two Hogarth panels at Bart's Hospital have been cleaned and restored. The above photograph by Mr. A. C. Cooper, taken by permission of the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, shows one of the restored panels.



Sir Malcolm Campbell hopes to break his own car record of 272 m.p.h. The photograph shows Sir Malcolm in the redesigned *Blue Bird*.



MINISTER AND COMEDIAN IN CONFERENCE

As a sequel to his broadcast talk, Eddie Cantor, the American comedian, interviewed Mr. Hore-Belisha, the Minister of Transport, and came away an enthusiast for Belisha Beacons. The illustration shows them discussing traffic problems.

THAMES TEST

A new coastal motor boat, built by Messrs. Thornycroft for the Siamese Government, had her speed trials on the Thames last week. She is said to be capable of a speed of 40 knots. The illustration (right) shows her at high speed

Photograph: John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd.

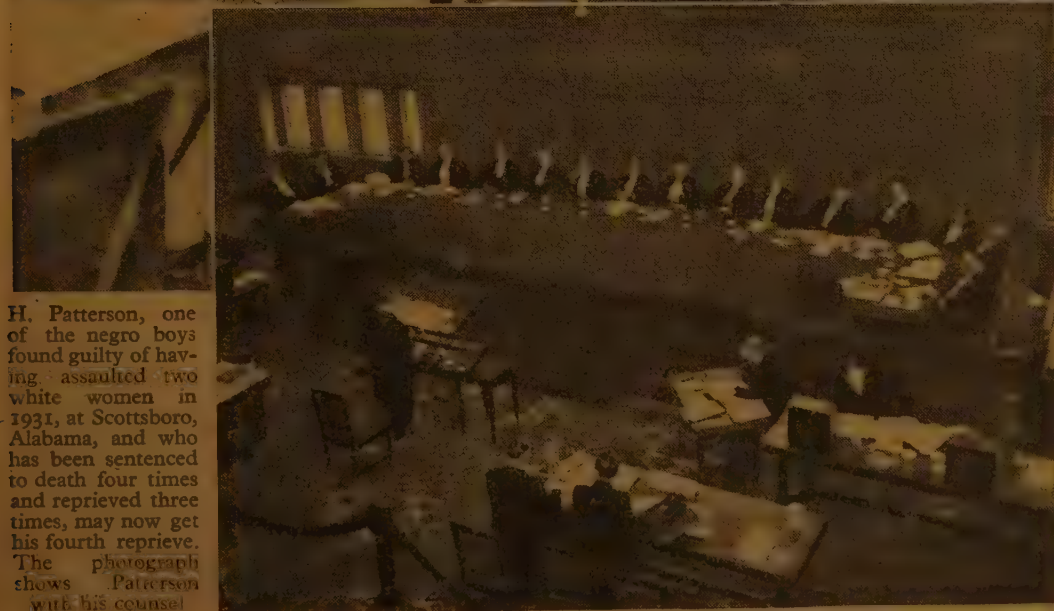


SINKING OF THE 'I'M ALONE'

A famous case of the days of Prohibition, arising out of the sinking of the rum-runner *I'm Alone* nearly six years ago by an American coast-guard cutter, came to an end on January 9 when a Joint U.S.-Canadian Commission pronounced judgement on the complicated issues connected with the incident. The photograph (left) shows the *I'm Alone*

LINDBERGH CASE

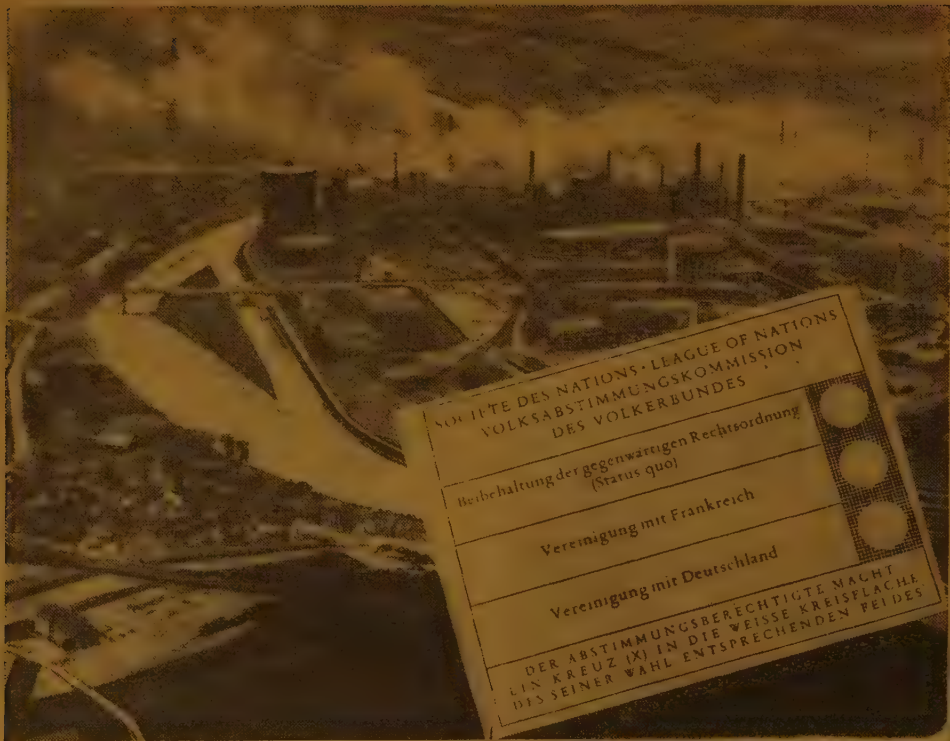
The illustration shows Colonel Lindbergh giving evidence during the trial in New Jersey, U.S.A. The principals in the trial are being offered large sums to appear in public, and a variety agent has offered the jury 300 dollars a week to go on tour



U.S.A. AND INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE

The United States has taken a step which makes it likely that she will join the Permanent Court of International Justice, the Court of the League of Nations. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has voted in favour of adherence. The illustration shows a session of the Permanent Court at the Hague

H. Patterson, one of the negro boys found guilty of having assaulted two white women in 1931, at Scottsboro, Alabama, and who has been sentenced to death four times and reprieved three times, may now get his fourth reprieve. The photograph shows Patterson with his counsel



THE SAAR PLEBISCITE

The Saar Territory polled on January 13 to decide whether it would remain under the League of Nations, become French territory or return to Germany. The international force stood by to maintain order and to guard voting papers. Saarlanders entitled to vote and resident abroad had been brought in special trains from Germany and France. There was a very heavy poll and there were no serious incidents during the day. The photographs show: (left) an aerial view of the important industrial areas in the Saar; (inset) a voting paper as used in the plebiscite; and (below) a general view of voters at a Saarbrücken polling station

TRAWLER DISASTER
An aerial photograph of the trawler *Edgar Wallace* after she had capsized on January 9 with a loss of 15 lives



DUTIES ON BULBS
Holland is anxious because the British Government has suggested increasing the import duties on tulips. The growers say that such measures will kill the export trade. The illustration shows Dutch bulb fields in the spring
Photo: A.N.V.V. -The Harne.



INTERNATIONAL CROSS COUNTRY

Birchfield Harriers won the team and individual events in the international cross country race at Chartres on January 13. The photograph shows the field of thirty competitors

Freedom and Authority in the Modern World

Looking Back and Looking Forward

By C. R. M. F. CRUTTWELL

AS we have now reached the beginning of the second half of this series, it is a convenient moment to consider where we have got to and what problems remain to be reviewed.

So far the object of these talks has been to present to you a philosophic theory of the State and of its relation to the individual. No doubt many of you have disagreed with it, but it can I hope claim the merits of being consistent and intelligible. You have also heard a brief historical sketch of the evolution of the modern State, up to the outbreak of the War in 1914. The first half therefore has necessarily been abstract in character, and full of generalisations very scantily supported by evidence. In the following talks, however, the method will be much more analytical and concrete.

The development of the nineteenth-century theory and practice of the State will be examined in the next two talks, and the effects of the War will then be discussed. You will then have the opportunity of listening to detailed discussions of the great experiments in political science which have been put into force in such different European countries as Russia, Italy and Germany, within memory of you all. Finally there will be an examination of some of the most pressing problems of today, which concern everyone under whatever form of government he lives, such as the tyranny of the expert, the liberty of the individual, the problem of education, and the relation between Church and State. Such, in the barest outline, is the scheme of this long series of talks.

I propose therefore now to recapitulate the theory which I have already put before you of the relation between freedom and authority, and make some general observations on the post-War period.

Freedom Inseparable from Authority

It cannot, I think, be denied that with a society of imperfect human beings, dependent upon right relationships with others for the attainment of their individual personalities, freedom is inseparable both in thought and in practice from authority. Now it is perfectly true that if we regard man's life as planned, as having an 'end' to which he ought to conform, then all authority has its origin in a God, who has created man for that end. Consequently on such an assumption you cannot have a theory of politics without a theory of ethics, or a theory of ethics without a religion, philosophy or metaphysic, whichever you may prefer to call it. One's theory of the State is determined by one's theory of human nature.

Politics in fact is the theory about associated human beings, in so far as their actions are not determined simply by voluntary relationships with one another. If then there is a God who has a plan for man, it is obvious that all authority must ultimately be derived from Him. Hence there must always be a divine right of States in so far as a State is trying to forward man's proper end.

This explains why political thinkers at every period of history have laid so much stress upon 'the law of nature', which is supposed to be those immutable principles of right and wrong, discoverable by reason, to which all laws ought to conform. These laws were supposed to be known to man in the so-called 'state of nature', i.e. in his primitive condition before political societies had been formed. They were then recognised in conscience as binding, but as men realised that they would not be obeyed in the face of temptation without an impartial authority to enforce them, the State was formed. I do not, of course, mean to commit myself to the historical accuracy of such theories, but merely to point out that all such theories inevitably accept the view that the authority of the State is not original but delegated. If the State aims at the good life for all individuals and if that good life is one that a man ought to lead, opposed to one that he merely thinks to be pleasurable, we cannot, I think, escape the conclusion that all authority, and in particular that of the State, 'the Master-architect of man's life', is of divine origin.

This, however, is obviously not true if the end of the State is power. Such an authority is justified simply in the possession

of its strength, and is not merely able but bound to sacrifice the individual to the maintenance of its power. Again, if the aim of the State is simply to provide as much pleasure as possible for as many people as possible, it requires no justification except its success in doing so. For pleasure cannot possibly be an end of life in the sense of something which we ought to pursue. As Hobbes put it very clearly, 'there is no *summum bonum*. Felicity consisteth in the constant passage of the desire from one object to another'. Or, finally, we may take the view of the pragmatists that 'truth is what works'. There is no absolute standard of right and wrong. Everything is relative to its success. In the pragmatic State, all authority, therefore, is justified by its results, and does not require to base itself on any *a priori* sanction. Goodness, truth and happiness might mean different things to different peoples, not merely in different ages and with different civilisations, but at the same time. It is clear that there is no need to rest the authority of the State upon a divine basis. You can take your choice.

Conscious Expression of a Common Purpose

As I have already pointed out, it certainly does not seem sensible to hold that there is only one possible form which the State can take, i.e. that there is one kind of constitution which is inherently better than another. At the same time I hold strongly that the basis of every State which aims at the good life for all its members should be the participation in sovereignty of all those members who are of full age. This does not imply the acceptance of any particular form of democratic constitution, or even of democracy. It is clear that a people may express its sovereignty by setting up an absolute ruler over it. But it does imply political homogeneity, and the conscious expression of a common purpose. As we have seen, there has been a tremendous movement dating from the French Revolution towards the establishment of States upon such a basis. The name of the basis was 'nationality', and it extended itself rapidly over Europe during the nineteenth century, and in theory the process was supposed to be completed by the Peace Treaties of 1919 and 1920. Moreover, as a matter of fact, the building up of nationality up to 1914 also corresponded in most countries with an approach towards democracy. Responsible Government, either on the British or American model, found more and more imitations in Europe. Even further afield, particularly in Asia, the idea of nationality, still nascent and inchoate, called in as its natural and most puissant ally the idea of democracy. Everyone knows how the twin movements went hand in hand, scarcely distinguishable, in such countries as India or Egypt.

Now, is it not strange that while nationality is still today a most potent force (which has indeed degenerated in many States to the narrowest, most exclusive and most ruthless nationalism), democracy is in many most important countries overthrown, and derided as something not merely dead but stinking? Moreover, even where democracy survives—even in its original home Great Britain, it is by many regarded not with the old burning enthusiasm, but rather as a drab and semi-antiquated expedient. Consequently we have all to ask ourselves the terribly important question, 'Is it true that democracy is worn out, and unsuitable for the complexities of the modern age, and if so, why?'

Or is it rather true that the portents of today are the result of the War with all its nerve-wrecking distractions and shifts, and of the injustices, miseries, insecurities and frenzied economic blasts which have followed it? In short, are the new types of State—differing so profoundly from our own—symptoms of restored health or of organic disease? No one can doubt that the correct answer (if indeed it can be given) must be of the most vital import to ourselves and to our descendants.

It must at once be admitted that democracy, like many other human institutions, tends to become unmanageable and ineffective in proportion as it becomes logically complete. Burke said 150 years ago with profound truth: 'The price of liberty is eternal vigilance'. As the franchise became increased

until it was practically universal, this vigilance has become more and more difficult to maintain. It means in effect the maintenance of a definite feeling of direct responsibility between the constituency and its representative, and between the Cabinet and Parliament. Now it is a matter of common knowledge that a Member cannot know or be known by a vast constituency of from fifty to eighty thousand members. The personal tie is lost. The Member tends to become the mouthpiece of his party, rather than the individual. In consequence the power of the Prime Minister over his colleagues and the power of the Cabinet over the Legislature have continued to increase. The importance and prestige of Parliament has in consequence greatly fallen. Its initiative in legislation has been practically taken away; it has become more and more disposed to register the will of the Cabinet on a mechanical basis.

The Executive in Touch with the Public

Public opinion tends more and more to neglect Parliament and to look direct to the Prime Minister, and to those few colleagues who inspire the public imagination, for direction and guidance. The development of broadcasting has, of course, aided this process powerfully, by bringing direct to the public ear the desired voice; and concentrating the public attention on the sole personality. Herein we discern a tendency which is undoubtedly favourable, if not to dictatorship, at least towards concentrating public interest on the executive few rather than on the legislative many.

Again, as we have seen, the State is everywhere recognised as Collectivist. Everything that needs doing must be done by it; and the number of things which need doing seems to grow yearly. Thus Parliament tends to become hopelessly overloaded, if it is to deal with all the problems laid before it with the elaborate traditional machinery. Hence the swift decrees of the autocrat are apt to be favourably contrasted with the grinding machinery of legislative process.

Moreover, it is widely held that the party system, which is indispensable for the working of responsible government, is itself outworn and anachronistic: in some countries because of the multiplicity of parliamentary groups which make stable government and continuity impossible; in others because the divergence of parties on fundamental points (*i.e.*, the whole social question) has become too great to allow of any solution through legislative discussion.

Again, it is urged that as sovereignty tends more and more to be expressed in economic terms, a system of representation

based on the will of majorities in geographical districts must be ineffective and anachronistic. Or again, that as economic matters are essentially technical in character, they are not fitted for an assembly of laymen but should be entrusted to experts. And it is quite certain that you cannot get experts by a system of election. They must obviously be nominated. And with the diminution of the number and powers of elective representatives you must diminish the area traditionally assigned to democracy. Such considerations—and there are many others—have led great masses of people to throw over democracy in favour of some kind of dictatorship.

Others, on the contrary, would urge that the great mistake of the past generation has been to identify democracy with parliamentary and responsible government of the traditional British type. They would seek to enlarge and make more effective the direct sovereignty of the people by means of resolutions, the initiative, the referendum, etc. Parliaments would become the technical committees for carrying out the expressed will of the people; the executive would be responsible to the people by plebiscite and not to the legislature.

It seems clear, therefore, that the current dissatisfaction with democracy is too deeply-seated on grounds of principle to be regarded as wholly due to the effects of the War. In its present form democracy seems to be an experiment which, if not a failure, at least requires an immense popular effort to prevent it from failing. It is no longer regarded as an axiomatic condition of human progress, or as a panacea for discontent. Its very success had made people take too much for granted, and to assume that it would always do what was required of it without effort. As Mill truly said, the essential condition for its success is that people should know what it means, be prepared to work it and make sacrifices for it. If, then, the people of this country wish to keep democracy, they must make up their mind in what form they want it, and must make those exertions on its behalf which Mill indicated.

I have said enough to show that in my opinion a serious stock-taking about the assets of democracy as organised on the last century model would have come to the present generation even without the Great War. But I am profoundly convinced that the events of the last twenty years have had an incalculable effect in obscuring and distorting its virtues, and in setting up false and dangerous images of the State. I do not propose now to deal with any of these effects, as they should become fully manifest in the course of subsequent talks.

The Cinema

The Art of the Cutter

A Discussion between ALISTAIR COOKE and HUGH STEWART

In his cinema talk on December 31 Mr Cooke questioned Mr. Hugh Stewart, editor of 'The Man Who Knew Too Much', about the work of the man who cuts the films

ALISTAIR COOKE: You must face the awful fact that we film-goers are not quite certain what you cut. I know there will be a lot of people astonished to hear that you cut anything at all so palpable as celluloid. I once imagined that a 'cutter' was a slang term for a member of the Board of Censors. So you'll begin to see the vastness of your task in lightening our darkness.

HUGH STEWART: Well, a story has been written, the actors have learned their lines, the sets have been built. And today the director decides to shoot a certain sequence or part of a sequence. A sequence is what you call in a stage play an act. It corresponds to what you see between the curtain's rising and falling. Now the sequence is rehearsed and when the director is satisfied with the performance, it's photographed.

COOKE: Photographed from all over the place, as far as I can remember. I seem to recall having seen cameras on the roof, cameras onadders, and one so close that it might have been there to take nothing more than the hero's right eyebrow.

STEWART: Yes! I'll explain the point of that in a minute. When the whole sequence has been photographed, the film is sent along to the laboratories to be printed, and next morning it's ready for me in my cutting room. I run it through on a machine which shows the film to me at about half the size of a postcard. It works electrically at a speed I can regulate. And it can project

the film backwards or forwards. I usually examine the longer shots first—

COOKE: The ones that show us the scene at a distance?

STEWART: And include all the action. Then there are medium shots of groups of people, and then close-ups of individuals.

COOKE: In fact, you have the advantage of seeing a play with the eyes of three spectators—a man in the gallery, a man in the wings, and one of the actors themselves?

STEWART: Exactly. That's my raw material, that the director and camera-man supply me with. It's my job to decide at any given moment from what distance the audience can most effectively see the play. Take, for example, the opening of a film many listeners will have seen—'Evergreen'. It started with a long shot showing you nearly the whole interior of the old Tivoli. A girl was dancing on the stage, and then came the first cut. The cutter now took another strip of film, which showed a group of the audience applauding, and joined it on to the first strip.

COOKE: I suppose it wouldn't matter very much whether the film of people clapping had been taken for 'Evergreen' or not?

STEWART: Actually, in 'Evergreen', the scene was taken at the same time and place, but it needn't have been. The real fun of my job is that you can persuade the audience that things are happening all together in one place, when really a film could be composed from spare bits of entirely different films.

Well, after the shot of the applauding audience, we cut to a medium shot—including some orchestra and audience—of the manager coming through the curtains. He begins to thank the audience for their applause. By the time the manager is fairly *into* his speech, you—Mr. Cooke, one of the people seeing the movie—have become familiar with the look of the theatre and the mood of the audience. What is now beginning to interest you solely is the manager and what he is saying. So the cutter goes to a close-up of the manager which shows little or nothing of his surroundings. He announces with regret that this is the last time they will see this famous dancer, because, he says, she is going to marry a noble lord. We now switch to a shot of an elegant young man in a box. Needless to say, the young man is the noble lord.

COOKE: Right. But thank you for saying 'needless to say'.

STEWART: Why?

COOKE: Suppose just before you stuck together the close-up of the manager and the close-up of the elegant young man—suppose you were called away to answer the telephone. And suppose I sneaked into your cutting room and found a strip of film from another story. It is a strip of film showing Eddie Cantor giving a bone to a dog. I fasten this strip on to the close-up of your manager, just after he's made the announcement. When your film is projected, the audience is not going to beam quietly, it's going to howl. And now I say. . . . Why?

STEWART: Because the jump is so incongruous.

COOKE: Incongruous, I suggest, describes the jump but it doesn't explain it. It's not because they hadn't expected Eddie Cantor, or because he's always funny. Isn't it because immediately the audience hears the words, 'is to marry a noble lord', it is made psychologically ready to see one? What I am trying to provoke you into saying is that your job is the key one in the art of films, because you have first and always to know when to satisfy the audience's expectation, when to defeat it, and when, as in this example, to outrage it.

STEWART: Yes, but whichever you decide to do depends on the style of the film. Your secret cut-in of Eddie Cantor isn't a bad cut. It's just inappropriate to the style of film we were making. It would have been an excellent cut for farce but not for sentimental comedy. Or, as you put it, the cutter's job here was to satisfy the audience's expectation and not to outrage it. If on the other hand the film had been a social satire. . . .

COOKE: You might have cut to a picture of a gross and pathetic old man.

STEWART: Yes, all right. And I suppose the audience would have shuddered. I entirely agree with your definition. My scissors are a psychological weapon. If by smooth cutting I've led the audience to think along a certain train of thought, I can then make a surprise more surprising by. . . . oh, by several means: such as, often very effectively, by jarring the tempo of my cutting, or by letting the audience see suddenly a person they never expected to see.

COOKE: Do you remember the opening of 'The Immigrant', an early Chaplin? It opens with a long shot of a ship in ridiculously heavy seas. All the passengers are violently ill, prostrate over the side of the ship. There is a cut to a medium shot of one figure, or rather of half a figure, seen from behind. It is a figure everybody can instantly recognise. The body is doubled over the rail and all we see are the familiar trousers staggering and swaying on those dilapidated boots. It is a heartless opening and the audience sighs that even its hero has fallen a victim. You cut to a closer shot. The figure flops, gives what we hope is a final convulsion, and then swings backwards into full view holding in its hands a fishing rod and a fine catch.

STEWART: Yes, that's just it. It's left to the cutter's discretion to decide how long he can go on showing the audience the sight of all those distressed people. Having got his audience to believe in the seasick atmosphere, he knows that there is one instant, and one instant *only*, at which to spring the surprise. It is a question of accurate timing. So that if he held it too long, the audience would become nauseated, and if not long enough, he wouldn't get the full measure of surprise from the sight of the fishing rod.

COOKE: Since we've arrived at the problem of tempo, it's your cue, if you'll be kind enough, to tell us what part you, as the cutter, had to play in building the suspense of the Albert Hall scene in 'The Man Who Knew Too Much'.

STEWART: All right. You may remember—a crook has been told to murder an important European statesman during a concert. Only one person in the audience—Edna Best—knows that, but even she doesn't know how or when it's going to be done. I was given in my cutting room lots of film showing Edna Best looking round the Albert Hall; bits of the orchestra from seven or eight angles; shots of the European statesman; shots of the audience; shots of the crooks hearing the concert over the wireless; shots of an unlighted, apparently empty box, where the assassin was hiding. I started with a slow, measured tempo, holding shots on the screen for as long as twenty seconds. This was meant to give an impression of the woman's apprehension. The first shots were of the orchestra and audience. Then we

went to a close-up of Edna Best turning her head slowly to the left. Then I cut in a shot of the statesman in the box. . . .

COOKE: Whom she is therefore seeing, needless to say?

STEWART: Right. Then she turns back again and her eyes travel along the other boxes and halt at the unlit one. In this way, and at this speed, I could transfer her numbness to the audience. Then I shorten the length—the actual footage—of the shots so as to match her increasing tension. We hold this with close shots of the members of the orchestra picking up percussion instruments. The shortest shots of all came immediately before the climax. I joined all these strips and ran them through my machine to see, well to see. . . .

COOKE: If it frightened you in the way you'd hoped?

STEWART: Practically, yes. And when eventually it satisfied me I took it along to the director, Mr. Hitchcock. And when *he's* satisfied—well, it's just about time for me to go home.

COOKE: Thank you, Mr. Stewart. It'll be a happy day for the audience when the average film star leaves the studio, having done as excellent a piece of work—of genuine film work—as I believe you did in that sequence. To summarise our points: cutting, we've been trying to say, is the essential process in making a story, as distinct from a person, good to see; it's the baking of the bread. All the ingredients can be there—good acting, fine camera work, able direction. But a bad editor can make the acting seem to dawdle. He can sentimentalise the director's hint to glance for a second at the drunkard's bottle. By not showing you each shot long enough he can convert the heroine's waking into a blissful dawn into a girl in hysterics under spasmodic sun-ray treatment. Especially in comedy, he can be slow with a fade-out, hold a wink too endearingly, until—so to speak—you can hang your hat on the jokes. His is the power to set the film's whole rhythm in performance. But more than that he gives the film its tone, the flavour of the way it greets you, that in other arts we get from a novelist's vocabulary, from the texture of a painter's colour, from, in social life, the voices and the eyes of the people who talk to us. He can make the film affected, facetious, earnest, subtle. In fact, he is the person under whom a film becomes civilised.

Best Films of 1934

In his last broadcast of the year Mr. Cooke listed his personal choice of the best films seen in 1934. They are:

BLONDE BOMBHELL. Directed by Victor Fleming (American).

The most forthright, least pretentious, satire to date. Publicity rackets and many other Hollywood foibles irresistibly skitted by Victor Fleming, Lee Tracy, Pat O'Brien, *et al.* Franchot Tone expertly parodies a Boston socialite, and Jean Harlow as expertly parodies Jean Harlow. English fans, unfamiliar with the objects and the American temper of the satire, think it less subtle and sly than I claim it to be.

REFUGEES. Directed by Ucicky (German).

German refugees escaping from Russian terrorism. Fritz Wagner's ubiquitous camera helping to give perspective and body to, among other things, a fine piece of heroic acting by Hans Albers, the acting performance of the year.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock (British).

If there has been a better British film, somebody locked it up. The cinema's Poe returns to direct a negligible kidnapping story with his own talent for macabre *tempo* and detail.

THE THIN MAN. Directed by Van Dyke (American).

A comedy mystery directed with a fluency equal to Dashiell Hammett's idiomatic script. Myrna Loy and Wm. Powell as the screen's first likely representation of married happiness. Loyalists should be warned of the raciness and democratic conventions it exploits.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT. Directed by Frank Capra (American).

The Venice award for the most entertaining film of the year. A glamorous view of transcontinental bus riding. Has its dewy moments but it is constantly whisked into vivacity by Capra's good-tempered direction, his gift for small characterisations.

THE LOST PATROL. Directed by John Ford (American).

The last survivor of a stranded patrol shoots down the relief party in delirium. A demented incident directed with frightening sanity, beautifully photographed, and turned out with an all-male cast and a disinterestedness unique in American or any other cinematography.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL. Directed by Harold Young (British).

Robert Sherwood's smooth script, an exciting melodrama, and Leslie Howard's two best performances of his career make this a neatly contrived excursion into a forgivably romantic view of the French Revolution, only in the beginning lapsing into that nostalgic wistfulness for another nation's history that has so long delayed Alexander Korda's initial contribution to the cinema.

Spoken English

Part of a Discussion between Professor A. LLOYD JAMES and ROBERT GRAY

PROFESSOR A. LLOYD JAMES: From time to time there appear in the correspondence columns of the press, references to what is called 'B.B.C. English', as though there were a particular brand of the King's English manufactured especially for the purposes of broadcasting, the 'sole purveyors being the B.B.C.' As a rule the references are not very complimentary, but occasionally some critic, more generous than the rest, does give a word of praise to the people who hour after hour, night after night, and year after year, give you the weather and the news, introduce your programmes and compère your revues. It is not a particularly easy job: it entails long hours in rooms isolated from the outer world: it is fairly strenuous, and stairs have sometimes to be scaled in record time: and, above all, it is as full of snags as any game ever devised by the wit of man. News is a strange affair in these days; it comes in from all parts of the world, and deals with everything under the sun. The man who has to read it must be prepared to meet, quite possibly without any warning, foreign names of all sorts, words (British and foreign) that he has never seen before, and scores perhaps of English words, which, familiar enough by sight, he hasn't an idea how to pronounce with certainty. Everybody knows by now that our language is *like* that; show an Englishman a word of three syllables and he daren't pronounce it in public unless he has heard somebody say it first. And even then the chances are he will be wrong—at least, wrong in the estimation of some people. And it really is astonishing how angry some people get over matters of pronunciation: you remember how excited people got over the pronunciation of that street in the West End? And the strange thing is that everybody wants to know the *right* pronunciation of this word and that: I get hundreds of letters a year—and who am I (who for that matter is the B.B.C.) to decide these matters? Very wisely, I think, the B.B.C. calls in a Committee of people who ought to know, and asks their advice on these matters. It used, as you know, to be a small committee of some half-dozen scholars and men of letters, first under the chairmanship of Robert Bridges, and now under George Bernard Shaw. This small committee worked very well, but, of course, the job was too large for it: expert knowledge of all kinds is wanted to settle the pronunciation of all sorts of words, technical and otherwise. So the small committee was enlarged early last year, and now consists of nearly two dozen distinguished scholars and writers, each of whom has some specific claim to be an authority upon some aspect of our language. Four of these members, chosen by reason of their special qualification for this sort of work, are consultants; they are Professor Wyld of Oxford, Professor D. Jones of London, Mr. Harold Orton of the University of Newcastle, and myself.

I want to tell you briefly how we work. We meet twice a year. The list of words to be discussed gathered from various sources is drawn up here; the pronunciation of each word, as recorded in the principal English and American dictionaries, is set out clearly. When the word is one not recorded in the dictionaries, information is sought from those most familiar with it. The experts get to work, contributing what information they have as to either present or past usage; they meet weeks before the full committee, and draw up a list of pronunciations that in their view are to be recommended. They take into consideration every item of information that is laid before them, never hesitating, where they think the circumstances warrant it, to reject the pronunciation of a dictionary, however reputable. This expert report is submitted to the B.B.C., who summon the main committee and ask them to deal with the recommendations of the experts as they think fit. This is not all: if it is found on publication of the recommendations that justice has not been done, that (shall we say?) a large body of specialist opinion is strongly opposed to such and such a recommendation, then the recommendation is altered.

Here is a case in point. The word 'condyle'—it means the knobs at the end of a bone in a joint—was sent in for discussion. Search in the Oxford Dictionary, Professor Wyld's Dictionary, the Standard Dictionary of America, gave one pronunciation, and, with the exception of the American, one only—'condil', so 'condil', as we thought on adequate authority, was published as the recommended version. But no sooner was it given the light

of day than the storm burst—beginning with my own doctor, who rang me up and told me in no doubtful words what he thought. I hurriedly sent out an S.O.S. to as many physiologists and anatomists as we could reach—'condil' was unknown; they had never heard it. Where, then, did the dictionary-makers get it from? The only pronunciation known to the people who use the word in the course of their everyday work is 'condyle'—and surely their authority counts for something.

Let me give you another example—this time a word which is known to every one of you—the 'stern' of a ship—

ROBERT GRAY: Just a moment, please, Professor Lloyd James. Did I hear you say the 'stern' of a ship? As you know, I'm here as a man in the street—a representative of the ordinary Englishman and woman—and I've never heard that word pronounced that way. I've always heard it as 'starn'.

LLOYD JAMES: I expect you have, Mr. Gray. And after examining the evidence from all sides, we have come to the conclusion that 'stern' is the more general. It is a professional word, you see, and it is considered that the pronunciation of the people who use it in their profession ought to be accepted as correct.

Have you any comment to make—complimentary or otherwise—on the work of the B.B.C. Advisory Committee on Spoken English?

GRAY: Generally speaking, I like the way the B.B.C. handles the language question. I approve of their decision not to encourage any extreme form of accent like the 'Oxford' accent. So far as doubtful words are concerned, I'm grateful for guidance, because I'm one of the many whom you mentioned, Professor, who don't like to make a mistake in pronouncing a word which isn't familiar. Before the B.B.C. came into existence, of course, I went to the dictionary for help, but I'm rather disturbed to hear you say, as you did just now, that you'd found a dictionary to be wrong at times. I'd the idea that the big dictionaries, like the Oxford Dictionary, were the 'last word' in these matters.

LLOYD JAMES: That's a very interesting point you've raised—about the dictionaries, and I think I can explain it. The big Oxford Dictionary was 50 years in the making. The 'C' volume (taking the example of my word 'condyle') was published between 1888–1893. It was edited by Sir James Murray, who was a Scotsman. You know that lots of words ending in 'ile' like 'fertile', 'fragile', 'futile' are often pronounced by Scotch people as 'fertil', 'fragil', 'futil'. Sir James Murray being a Scot naturally gave the word 'condyle' (and others like it) his own Scottish pronunciation in his dictionary.

GRAY: Yes, I can understand that. But Scotland after all is a different country from England and has had a different history until fairly recent times. But in England itself you'll find great differences and there are a lot of words which are pronounced quite differently in the North and the South. I've thought that a difference of climate is responsible—that the further north you go, the more guttural the language becomes.

LLOYD JAMES: No. I'm afraid you're wrong, Mr. Gray. Actually the most guttural languages in the world are found in some of the hottest climates! For instance, Arabic—you couldn't have a language more guttural than that. But I think this question of climate is a fascinating by-path which would take up more time than we have to give now.

GRAY: Well, what do you think is the explanation?

LLOYD JAMES: As a matter of fact I think it is merely that traces of our old historic dialects still remain, despite compulsory education, cheap transport, wireless, telephones, films and all the rest of modern life. You yourself still retain Northumbrian traces in your speech, despite your long residence in the South. I still have traces of Welsh, Mr. Bernard Shaw of Irish—and there's no harm in this—a spot of dialect never did any harm.

GRAY: I see. But what's the ordinary man to do? As a rule if he comes across a word he's doubtful about he looks up his dictionary.

LLOYD JAMES: I hope he will continue to do the same thing, Mr. Gray. But, consider this: dictionaries are not infallible. A pronunciation is not bound to be right merely because it appears in a dictionary. It appears in the dictionary because, in the opinion of the editor, it was right when he put it down. In

the case of 'condyle' it was obviously the personal pronunciation of Sir James Murray, and it was adopted by other dictionaries later on because they accepted the authority of the Oxford Dictionary as final. If Sir James Murray had been able to conduct an enquiry such as the B.B.C. is able to do, for the first time examining the actual present state of pronunciation, he might well have decided differently.

GRAY: But there's another side to all this. There's the question of B.B.C. English and dialect. You know, Professor, it is often said that the B.B.C. is crushing the life out of these good old English dialects. Do you think there's any truth in this statement?

LLOYD JAMES: There's probably some, no doubt. But I don't think the B.B.C. is any more guilty than the petrol engine or the telephone, other things that have happened in the last hundred years. I think one of the principal factors is compulsory elementary education. Everybody has been taught to read. Then there's transport. People are travelling about from one end of the country to the other much more often than in the old days. In the old days there were just little self-contained communities, with their own parson, their own church and their own local dialect. Now you see suddenly within the last 50 years you have telephone lines all over the country; you have express trains, talking films, motor-buses, compulsory education—and last, this marvellous microphone. All the old isolation is breaking down.

GRAY: Do you think it's a good thing that these dialects are breaking down, or do you think it's a bad thing? Do you think we ought to keep them or not? For instance, films have not attempted to standardise English, so why should the B.B.C.? In fact films often do the opposite. They give us new slang and expressions which everybody very quickly uses.

LLOYD JAMES: I think you'll find that film language reaches a higher standard today than it did when it was first used. We are becoming speech conscious, and insist on a high standard. All the B.B.C. wants to do is to maintain a high standard—as high a standard as is consistent with the everchanging nature of speech. As regards your question about dialects—in the old days we could make little local dialects do, but now we've got to make a dialect which is suitable for universal circulation throughout the whole of the enormous area of the English-speaking world. For instance, suppose the King had spoken on Christmas Day in a very, very local dialect—shall we say Radnorshire English, or the English of a Gaelic-speaking Highlander—or even the more widely spoken dialect of Yorkshire—the chances are that he would not have been understood from one end of the English speaking world to the other. Just as if President Roosevelt had spoken to the world in the language of a small Middle West town, or a tiny village in the Adirondacks.

GRAY: I see. The only thing the B.B.C. cares about is to talk an English that is understood by everybody who talks some kind of English. But doesn't that mean standardisation in the long run?

LLOYD JAMES: But all the forces in the development of modern social life are tending towards standardisation. You have a standard railway gauge; you will soon have a standard voltage—you have standard wavelengths, standard units of measurement, etc. Communication in modern life is always rendered more easy if masses of people agree to certain conventions. There may be nothing inherently good in any one convention: it acquires virtue by reason of the fact that masses of people accept it.

GRAY: But even if we are going to get more standardised, as you say, Professor, I still don't think that you should aim at a standard English. For one thing, it is such a personal thing—the way a man speaks—far more personal than clothes or manners or anything like that. For instance, there are people who like to know that they don't speak 'B.B.C. English'. They stick to their dialects not only because they first learned to talk that way, but because they think it gives them more personality—makes them more interesting and makes people listen to them. It is thought to be rather a compliment to be told you have an Irish brogue or a Scotch accent.

LLOYD JAMES: Oh dear me, yes. You mean that some people think that if they talk about 'the grim determination of the British Race' they express that determination better by rolling their R's. But I still maintain that some form of standardisation of English will come if we are to continue to be understood by the English-speaking people outside the British Isles. Take the House of Commons for instance. I wonder if every Member of

that House were to speak English as he first heard it at his mother's knee, he would be understood by all the other Members quite so easily, let alone by the world outside! Of course not. He must tend toward a certain standard form of English when he speaks in public so that he can be understood by people speaking a different dialect from his.

GRAY: I don't know that I altogether agree with you. Surely in the House of Commons some politicians preserve their accents—guard them jealously. It's their hallmark. But still, even if standardisation has got to come in English as in everything else, I don't think it will for a long time yet.

LLOYD JAMES: No, I don't suppose for an instant it will. Personally, I should be very sorry to think that the hundreds of millions of people in the world whose mother tongue is English should all talk like parrots. But I should be more sorry to think that there would ever grow up, in any one quarter of the vast English-speaking world, a form of English not readily understood by the others. Hitherto in the history of the world, whenever a language has spread beyond the area that gave it birth, it has split up. And the splitting brings in its train, sooner or later, all sorts of complications, not excepting war. More rests upon the unity of the English language than you and I have talked over tonight, Mr. Gray, and as far as I see it, this microphone is going to play a very important part in the future of our language. If the man in the street is ever tempted to ask why the B.B.C. butts in on matters of pronunciation, you tell him (from me, if you like) that his mother tongue has a big part to play in this world during the next few centuries. Local money currencies gave way to a national currency; so local speech currencies will yield to a national currency—and that, as far as English is concerned, is a currency that runs from one end of the English-speaking world to the other. The mint of the King's English may be the B.B.C. At any rate, that's how I feel about it.

The price of the *Broadcast English* pamphlet referred to on page 74 of our last issue is 6d. (7d. post free), and is obtainable from the Publications Dept., B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.I.

Talks to the Unemployed

'It is the personal quality in this new series of talks that is going to make them or break them in the future', said the B.B.C. Director of Talks, introducing the broadcasts to the unemployed which have been planned for the next three months. Times of transmission have been changed to suit the convenience of listeners as revealed by letters to Broadcasting House. There will be talks on Monday at 11 a.m., Tuesday at 4 p.m., and Wednesday at 2.50 p.m. 'Question Time' on Mondays, conducted by Mr. Richard Clements, will be given to elucidating the laws and regulations affecting the lives of unemployed people—the Social Service Act; and also those regulations affecting their everyday lives—rent restrictions, rights of landlord and tenant, etc. The B.B.C. is to act as a point of contact between unemployed people who need advice and the National Council of Social Service, which is able to supply it. Letters should be sent to Mr. Richard Clements at the B.B.C., the envelope marked 'U' and if possible a 1½d. stamp enclosed—but this new service is not intended to overlap those organisations already existing, such as the Citizen's Friend and the Poor Man's Lawyers, or to act as a general information bureau. Questions may, however, be asked on unemployment benefit or assistance, health insurance, housing problems, pensions, or education, and personal answers will be given.

The Tuesday talks will continue the 'This and That' commentaries by Professor John Hilton, whose sympathetic personality and gift of friendship have already established him as a well-known microphone speaker. He will discuss foreign affairs, international affairs, economics, politics, and simple things of everyday interest. 'Your Club Activities' will still be the subject of weekly comment. Mr. John Newsom is to travel round the country to keep in touch with unemployed clubs everywhere, and in the Wednesdays broadcasts he will bring to the microphone speakers both from within and outside the clubs, to make suggestions and provide a stimulus for the improvement and extension of the activities of club life. It is hoped that in these three programmes of talks there may be apparent a sense of personal friendship and relationship, not only between speakers and listeners, but between different groups of listeners—between all those who can bring to each other experience and help.

Music

1935: *A Handel and Bach Year—II*

BACH fills a very large space in programmes today, and much of his music is genuinely popular. At first sight, therefore, it would seem that his case is analogous to that of Beethoven, and that, so to speak, every year is a Bach year just as it is a Beethoven year. There is, however, a wide difference. Practically every work of Beethoven's that is worthy of his name is in the repertory, whereas a good deal of Bach's vast output is still comparatively unknown. Even the extent of that output is far from being generally realised. Perhaps the mere number and classification of Bach's works is less impressive than the bare facts about their publication. In 1850 was formed the German Bach Society, with the object of commemorating the first centenary of his death by the issue of a complete edition of his works. The project took half-a-century to fulfil, the last volume—the forty-sixth—appearing in 1900. The organisation was then reconstituted as the New Bach Society, whose aim was the publication of the music in practicable form—a necessary step, the volumes being huge affairs suitable only for library use*.

In eighty-five years, then, Bach has been rescued from oblivion and made a popular composer. What more can be done in his honour in 1935? First, as I have already suggested, we can extend our knowledge and understanding of his works. The B.B.C. will give us an opportunity in a Foundations of Music series that will cover the various departments of his output. But those of us who are performers, even in a humble way, must be doers as well as hearers.

Pianists form the majority of Bach soloists (with the obvious exception of the organists). Why do they so rarely go outside the Forty-eight? And why do they know the Fugues so much better than the Preludes? Bach did much for the fugue, but he did far more for the prelude. Good fugues were written before his day, but the prelude, as a form, scarcely existed. Even his own early efforts in the line were often little more than a string of arpeggiando chords of an improvisatory character—an indication to the hearer that the real business of playing was about to begin, and that they must please be quiet. In the Preludes of the Forty-eight he produced a form—or rather a number of forms—that have served composers ever since. In the matter of variety—in feeling, design, and above all in keyboard writing—they are superior to the Fugues, for a fugue is always a fugue, whereas a prelude may be anything. Sometimes, as Bach showed frequently, it may be even a fugue as well. Pianists who will concentrate on the Preludes for a few months will very materially enlarge their knowledge of Bach and will enjoy themselves in the process.

The Suites are still less well known than they ought to be. Explorers should begin with the French Suites, a collection of delightful dances without a rival. The English Suites should follow; they are bigger in scope, more difficult, and, judged as music, finer. The Partitas—which are suites with a different label—are the least known of the three collections in the form; they contain some of Bach's finest clavier movements, and should also be studied.

We shall become better Bach disciples if we read more than hitherto about the man and his music.

The pianist is more fortunate than other performers in that this part of Bach's output has been written about in a thoroughly helpful way. Among the series of eighteenpenny booklets issued by the Oxford University Press under the title, *The Musical Pilgrim*, are three by J. A. Fuller Maitland, two dealing with the Forty-eight, and one with the keyboard Suites. Not only is every movement discussed with music-type examples; there is also a description of the various dance and other forms used by Bach, including a clear explanation of the way a fugue is constructed. For a trifling cost the pianist may thus learn all that is necessary about Bach's chief clavier works. There remain many lesser movements that are too good to be missed: Mr. Fuller Maitland mentions the best of these also in his booklet on the Suites. (There is a 'Pilgrim' book by the same author for those who wish to read about the Brandenburg Concertos.)

This year will see many performances of the B minor Mass and other choral works. Five of the 'Pilgrim' series will help us

here. In one, Professor Sanford Terry deals with the Mass, in two others with the Passions, and in a further pair with the Cantatas and Oratorios.

Choral societies and church choirs may do their part by performing one or more of the easier cantatas, or of detached choruses, a fair number of which are published by Novellos and the Oxford University Press. For solo singers there are arias in abundance, issued separately and in collections by the same publishers and by Augener. (Particulars would take up too much space.) There is no need to touch on other branches of solo music: all of it is easily obtainable. It is necessary, however, to point out that all Bach players—especially organists—are more or less guilty of overworking a handful of popular pieces at the expense of others that are at least as good, and often better. So much for the rank and file musician.

Coming to the public performer, concert-giver, and conductor, is it too much to ask that greater respect should be paid to Bach's text? The fact that some of the instruments for which he wrote are obsolete is no excuse for the tasteless re-scoring and over-scoring that has lately become common.

And is not the time ripe for piano recitalists to give us more of Bach's clavier music and less (or better still, none at all) of transcriptions of the organ works? There are now abundant opportunities of hearing the organ music played on its proper instrument without the ordeal of going to church for the purpose; every week the broadcast programmes include examples, well played on some of the finest organs. Some recent orchestral transcriptions proved to be sheer travesties. (I recall especially a version of the D major Prelude and Fugue in which a four-handed piano part was added to the general din, with deadly effect.) Especially should transcribers keep off the Chorale Preludes, for two reasons: (1) with a few exceptions the music is so exactly suited to the organ as to be unsuitable to any other medium; (2) the intimate and devotional character of the best of these pieces makes them unsuitable for the concert-hall. I would even go so far as to say that they ought to be heard only in a church, and preferably in connection with a service. To hear some of the quieter ones in a concert room—or even by wireless—seems very much like eavesdropping. This may seem to be an extreme view, but I can assure readers that many organists who have lived with these pieces for the greater part of their lives have come to see in this most introspective side of Bach's art poetic qualities that can never be transplanted from the church to the concert room. After all, there is nothing far-fetched in this. Other composers have at times written for a sort of inner circle; Bach did so to an unusual extent, and in an unusually personal way; we ought to think twice before lessening the beauty of any kind of music by performing it in an unsuitable environment. To play the more intimate of these communings on an orchestra in a concert-hall is like declaiming a lyric through a megaphone in a public square. Even on purely musical grounds such transcriptions are indefensible, for the form and content of most of these pieces were determined by the characteristics of the organ, with its fixed tone (no nuance was possible on the instrument in Bach's day) and the use of contrasted and balanced keyboards. Nor is there any need or excuse for such distortions so long as a great deal of what may be called the public music of Bach still remains to be made familiar. I hope to have an opportunity of discussing some of this in the near future.

HARVEY GRACE

The West Country will be the next district visited by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra during their present tour of provincial cities, and a concert will be given in the Colston Hall, Bristol, on Wednesday, February 13. The conductor, Dr. Adrian Boult, will take with him the full orchestra of 119 players, led by Arthur Catterall, and he has chosen a well-varied programme, opening with Berlioz's 'Carnaval Romain' Overture. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony follows, and Debussy's three symphonic sketches which together have the title of 'La Mer'. The second part of the concert will consist of Delius' 'Brigg Fair', and three popular excerpts from Wagner—Siegfried's Funeral March from 'The Dusk of the Gods', the Venusberg Music from 'Tannhäuser', and the Ride of the Valkyries.

*How easily the scholastic volume edition of a composer may do little more than entomb his music is shown by the fact that the Purcell Society, formed in 1876 in order to do for a great Englishman what the Bach Society did for a great German, had issued in 1926 twenty-four volumes (with six still to come) and that only a small part of this great corpus is so far available in cheap performing editions. Ten years hence we shall be celebrating the 250th anniversary of Purcell's death. If by that time the volumes are not complete, and the best of their contents made easily accessible, England will incur lasting disgrace.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

The Unemployment Assistance Board

Broadcast on January 8

I AM SPEAKING to you as Chairman of the Unemployment Assistance Board. Today the Board has begun its great task of taking over the administration of assistance to unemployed persons who are in need. We do it in two stages. First of all we take over all the persons now receiving transitional payments. There are about 750,000 of them, making, with their wives and children, probably nearly three million persons. On March 1 we take over in addition the unemployed persons who ordinarily get their living by working for wages and are now receiving out-door relief. So you will see that we have a very large family to look after.

Until today it has been the Local Authorities who have decided the allowances to be paid to all these families. We, however, work to a common standard in order to do away with the inequalities and injustices which are inevitable when a large number of Local Authorities are administering different relief scales based on no general principles. Under the new system there will be equality of treatment and uniform administration throughout the country. We presented to the Minister of Labour Regulations that embody these principles, and these Regulations have been approved by Parliament. We have considerably improved the allowances for children, for we feel that they are our first charge. We have eased the Means Test and we have made more generous provision for the personal requirements of the wage-earner. We have based our allowances on the view that households of the same size should have about the same allowance for all expenses other than rent. Rent varies not only as between place and place but as between household and household, and therefore the allowance for rent varies with the actual rent paid.

The Regulations lay down the general standard and rules to which administration must conform. But the Board is fully alive to the fact that the needs of nearly a million families cannot be forced into one mould. It has vested wide discretionary powers in its officers and it wishes to see that discretion used in a fair, reasonable and sympathetic spirit.

The work formerly done by the Local Authorities will in future be done by the officers of the Board. Do not think that we have created a horde of new officials. By far the greater part of the officers who will be working for the Board were already working for the Local Authorities or Government Departments, and have been transferred to the Board.

Further, I want to explain that the million families to whom I have referred have not just been handed over to the control of a soulless machine. Applicants for assistance have certain rights of appeal, and 150 Appeal Tribunals have been set up throughout the country for this purpose. The Chairman of each Appeal Tribunal is an independent person appointed by the Minister of Labour. The Board appoints a representative carefully chosen from among men or women of public standing in each locality and there is a representative of workpeople from the workers' panel appointed by the Minister of Labour. The proceedings before the Appeal Tribunals will not be formal or legal. We are dealing with the private lives and circumstances of all these households and we want a man who is dissatisfied to be able to put his case in his own way to a non-official body.

The Act of Parliament also requires the Board to set up Advisory Committees to advise and help the Board. These Committees have no responsibility for the determinations, but they will be of the greatest help in cases where a more personal touch is needed to help the family. We hope now to start upon the task of setting up these Committees.

The Board does not regard the administration of these Regulations as its only duty. It is charged not only with the assistance but with the welfare of the unemployed. It will be an important part of its duties to make suggestions for promoting that welfare. We shall co-operate, not only with the Commissioners for the Special Areas, but also with all the voluntary organisations who are doing such splendid work on behalf of the unemployed. I hope in addition we shall have our own contribution to make to the problem. What we are most anxious to see is the problem beginning to solve itself by the unemployed going back to work,

and it is very encouraging to notice how immensely employment has improved during the past two years.

I want to make one point clear. All applicants to the Board will be required to register at the Employment Exchanges. At the Exchanges they will all have exactly the same opportunities for being submitted to jobs, on their own industrial merits, as persons receiving unemployment benefit.

The task of looking after the unemployed who are in need has rested upon the Local Authorities for over 300 years. We have had six months in which to create a new system on a national basis and we shall see to it to correct any weaknesses which this system may disclose. I want to be frank about one thing. It is inevitable that the Regulations will mean a reduction in certain cases, but in a very large number of others it will mean an increase, for as the Minister of Labour told the House of Commons, we estimate that the increase in payments to the people who are at present receiving transitional payments will be at the rate of £3,000,000 a year.

From those disposed to criticise I ask for patience, for the system must develop slowly. To those who may be applying for assistance or who have friends and relatives who may be applying for assistance, I say that the Board is anxious that they should regard its officers not as machines, but as fellow citizens, whose job it is to help them in their difficulties. May I also wish them this, the best of all the New Year wishes, that they may find the employment that makes it no longer necessary for them to remember the Unemployment Assistance Board.

SIR HENRY BETTERTON

'Rome—and Afterwards'

Broadcast from Paris on January 8

AN OLD FRIEND of mine, with whom in past years I attended a good many International conferences, used in the small hours of the morning, when work was over, to pontificate in bars and other such places on the importance of what he called the 'imponderables' in international relations. He would say that it is not what is signed that's important, it's the imponderables that matter. By that he meant the personal relations, and it is, I think, the new spirit in Franco-Italian relations which is going to count far more than the various protocols which have been signed. Instead of rivalry and hostility, we are going to get, or at least we are promised, a constant effort at co-operation. For what has happened in Rome during the past five days is only a beginning. One might say that the past has been cleared up and a new start is now being made.

Italy has come out of the agreement with some substantial satisfaction to her claims in Africa, and perhaps also in other ways. France has come out of it with the satisfaction of knowing that every time she proposes something, Il Duce is not going to strike an attitude and say 'No!' So there is every reason why both countries should be pleased, and it's always easier to get a thing done when two parties are pleased with each other, than when one of them feels that it has been put in a corner.

As the various protocols have not yet been made public, I am going to refrain from trying to analyse their contents. What is far more important is that the signatories should have started with mutual respect, and with the intention of working together rather than against each other. I expect that many of you, like myself, were struck by Signor Mussolini's phrases in describing what has been done, and what must be developed, and, being an experienced man, he was quick to warn his countrymen and others against exaggerated optimism. Friendship should not remain mummified in documents, but should lead an active life, and be constantly kept in mind, so that it will synchronise with the natural development of people and their interests. There is an awful lot of sound sense in that sentence. One might say in fact that it is the beginning of wisdom in international as well as personal relations. Still, what has been done gives ground for hope. Already I notice that French newspapers are heading their comment with the title: 'Rome—and Afterwards', and this coming visit of Premier Flandin and Monsieur Laval to London is now claiming attention. For the Rome visit, important as it was, must be considered as only preparatory

and helpful to a new effort to deal with the problem of German re-armament and Germany's re-entry into the League of Nations.

It would be foolish to take anything too much for granted in those matters. There is, for instance, no reason to believe that Germany is yet prepared to accept any Arms Limitation Agreement, or that France will be easily persuaded to admit the requisitions of Germany's re-armament, but it is important to note that the policy behind the Rome Agreement is directed against no one and everything, and offering to all Governments the possibility of assuring on the same plan a mutual equality in an enterprise which has for its exclusive aim an organisation of peace. In other words, this means that France is as anxious to have Germany co-operate in reaching a state of peace-mindedness as she was to bury the rusty little hatchet with Italy.

As the solution of the Franco-German problem, the outcome of the Rome visit seems likely to have been a useful first step. Let us hope that the London visit will be as successful.

PERCY PHILIP

First Air Crossing of the Channel

Broadcast on January 7

ON FRIDAY, January 7, 1785, at 1.13 in the afternoon, Mr. Blanchard, accompanied by Dr. Jeffries, took his departure for the continent in his balloon, from the Castle at Dover. It was exceedingly cold: he wore his greatcoat, Dr. Jeffries was in a light sailor's dress. Nine bags of ballast, a large inflated bladder containing letters from people of the first distinction in this country to several of the French nobility, some philosophical instruments, a bottle of brandy, two beautiful silk ensigns, and two cork jackets made up their cargo.

'When they got over the sea, Mr. Blanchard stood erect in the car, and saluted the spectators most gracefully, by bowing, taking off his hat, and waving his ensign. . . . That is the account of the first crossing of the Channel by air, 150 years ago today, as it appeared in the *Salisbury and Winchester Journal* ten days later. I may add that that journal, which was 56 years old even then, still flourishes in Salisbury.

The rest of the story is told in this letter which Dr. Jeffries wrote to a friend. 'Heaven has crowned



Blanchard and Jeffries over the Channel
From 'Histoire de l'Aéronautique' (L'Illustration)

my utmost wishes with success; I cannot describe to you the magnificence and beauty of our voyage. When about mid-channel, and at a high elevation, we had such a prospect of the country as surpasses my descriptive faculties; when about two-thirds over, we had expended the whole of our ballast. My noble little captain gave orders to strip our serial car, but still approaching the sea very fast, my little hero stripped, and threw away his greatcoat. On this, I was compelled to follow his example. He next threw away his trousers. We put on our cork jackets, and were, God knows how, as merry as grigs, to think how we should splutter in the water. Luckily, at this instant, we ascended higher than

ever before, and made a most beautiful and lofty *entrée* into France exactly at three o'clock. We descended most tranquilly into the midst of the forest de Felmores, almost as naked as the trees, not an inch of rope or cord left—no anchor—or anything else to help us. My good little Captain begged for all my exertion to stop at the top of the first tree I could reach. I succeeded beyond my comprehension, and you would have laughed to see us, without a coat of any sort, Mons. Blanchard assisting at the valve and I holding the top of a lofty tree . . .

R. BENNETT

With the Scouts in Australia

Relayed from Australia on January 9*

I AM SEATED in an armchair in my small Australian home at Frankston, twenty miles south of Melbourne. It is a still, warm summer night, and the Southern Cross is gleaming in a cloudless sky overhead—and in the far distance, across the bay, shine the lights of Melbourne, and the bright illuminations of the Centenary Celebrations. Outside my other window rises a whole town of tents erected for the Scout Jamboree Camp which is just now beginning to close. You may like to hear some of my impressions of it and of the future possibilities of the Scout movement, both here in Australia and in other parts of the world.

There were eleven thousand Scouts from twenty-three different countries camped together for ten days in open bush country here: so that although there were so many, yet they were living in true backwoods fashion in small groups in their own tents, cooking their own food, and fending for themselves generally. But all this would have been impossible had it not been for the work of the staff behind the scenes. Bush had to be cleared, snakes had to be removed, roads made, water, light and telephones laid on, swamps had to be drained, the whole area fenced in, sanitary and washing arrangements had to be prepared, a hospital organised and manned—or should I call it 'girded'—by the Girl Guides, complete with doctors, surgeons and dentists. Grand stands had to be built for the public, food supplies and transport had to be arranged and shops erected and so on. All this work was largely done by the local Scouts and Rovers for months beforehand, backed by the goodwill of the local landowners and municipalities. Then programmes of the daily parades and displays and nightly camp fires, concerts, etc., had to be provided for. Safe bathing on the beaches, country excursions and other activities, all had to be arranged for. All this took hundreds of business men from their offices, and because they were Scouts, they gave up their holidays and got into shorts to work, day and night, voluntarily for the boys: no thought of reward, but just slaving away for the joy of doing something for their country and the boys. It was not only their work that told afterwards, but incidentally the example that they set was fully recognised and followed by the self-sacrificing work on the part of the Rover Scouts, that is the senior lads of over seventeen. These undertook a variety of duties, both in the preliminary preparation of the camp ground and in conducting the traffic control throughout the meeting, acting as life-savers on the beach and as assistants to the managers of the different departments of the camp. But they got very little of the fun of the camp, being at their posts behind the scenes all the time during the festivities and the displays. With such examples before them the Scouts themselves in their turn rose to the occasion, and to a degree that one had hoped for but hardly expected to see. It did one good to see their splendid enthusiasm and their whole-hearted enjoyment of their life, but coupled with it an instant discipline when required by their leaders. These boys will never let Australia down. It is a new, energetic and self-disciplined race that is coming on.

Then the friendships that the boys formed with those of other countries were in themselves a big outcome of this polyglot gathering. Boys of races differing entirely as to country, colour and creed, mixed together and got to understand and to like one another. If the friendships thus formed are kept up as I urged they should be, they should have far-reaching effects in helping to prevent wars in the future, whether the wars be of tariffs or weapons. This Scouting can bring them together in one united national fraternity.

We have today some fifty thousand Scouts and thirty-five thousand Girl Guides carrying out these ideas here in this country of Australia—among the total of three million four

* This relay was made possible by the co-operation of the Australian Broadcasting Commission

hundred thousand in the world. But to have full effect a still larger proportion of our youth should be drawn under the sway of a wholesome influence of this kind. This larger proportion is already asking for it themselves, but we need more men and more women to come forward to take them in hand or to help the movement in other ways. Such men and women have here their opportunity of laying the immediate foundation of the future State and incidentally for learning something of the joy that comes of willing sacrifice and service for God, for their country and their kind.

LORD BADEN POWELL OF GILWELL

Flying in Fog

Broadcast on January 9

AFTER HEARING EARLIER in the news what has happened to some of the flying services today, I thank heaven I am not on a scheduled air line route. I've been flying this afternoon over Manchester at no very great height—about 1,000 feet, and that was bad enough. The whole of that area of bustling activity was invisible—blotted out by a blanket of fog—although I was moving through clear enough air. I could see ten or twenty miles to where the Pennine Peaks stuck up out of the yellow banks of fog below.

Fog is the flying man's most deadly foe. Steering an aeroplane moving at some hundred miles per hour, when things a hundred yards away are invisible, is no joke, and the aeroplane suffers from the disadvantage that it cannot slow down to a crawl or stop. It must keep going to keep up.

Through the development of what is called 'blind flying' technique, it is now possible to fly in any desired direction through the blackest cloud or fog. The basis of this is the directional gyroscope, which moves a needle on a suitable scale, and the aircraft compass. Many hours of arduous training are necessary before a pilot can accept with confidence the evidence of his instruments and ignore the powerful, but often wrong, messages of his physical sensations. The ability to fly 'blind' would be of limited value by itself, but happily the development of wireless has put a new device at the service of the air navigator. Through the refinement of certain properties of wireless transmission and reception, the pilot speeding through blinding rain or mist can now find out his direction from a given point and his precise position over the ground. By calling up the Control Station, he can be led right into the aerodrome, and this is done so successfully now that on several occasions aircraft have come down safely, but have got lost on the ground after landing. There was a case of one at Croydon quite recently, which was left out all night, because it could not find the way to the building after landing successfully.

I have been asked by some people who had read in their papers about the difficulties aircraft have experienced in getting to their destination in fog why this should be so, when 'blind flying' and wireless have become so highly developed. The reason is a quite simple one—change of weather. It means that the weather conditions have got much worse since the aeroplane took off from its starting point, and is no reflection on the pilot.

The Air Ministry, recognising the importance of this 'blind flying' technique, have now made it compulsory for all commercial pilots to pass a severe test by flying an aeroplane with a hood pulled over their cock-pit, so that they can see nothing but their instruments.

If you tune your wireless sets to 862 metres when there is a fog outside, you will hear air line pilots asking for bearings and position from Croydon or Barton by wireless telephony, and you can be thankful that you are just playing with your radio, while those you hear are depending on theirs as completely as an express train depends on its rails for its security.

GEORGE YOUILL

Films and Education

Broadcast on January 11

I WAS PRESENT at the meeting today between the Board of Education and the Governors of the British Film Institute, as General Manager of the Institute. One of the most important things we discussed was the installation of projectors in the schools. You all know yourselves how popular films are with the

children. Most healthy children dislike their lessons, but find the cinema most alluring, and many other countries are working on this fact and taking the cinema into the school. But the use of this valuable aid to teaching is limited in Great Britain to some seven hundred schools which are lucky enough to possess projectors. France and Germany are a long way ahead of us. In France eighteen thousand schools have their own projectors. By the end of this month, ten thousand new projectors will have been installed in schools in Germany, and there will be sixty thousand in the course of five years.

The deputation of the British Film Industry, consisting of representatives of the educational world, the film industry, and the general public, urged that this country shouldn't lag behind other countries, but should aim at installing at least one projector in every school.

After all—though this may not be widely realised—Great Britain has the best educational films in the world. Until recent years, most of the films shown in the schools were short-interest films that were made for and shown in the public cinemas. Nowadays, talkie films are made expressly for classroom purposes, and to fit in with the curriculum. Experts and specialists in history, science, biology, and so on now co-operate with the film companies in producing films which are interesting as well as instructive, and which help the children to see what previously they could only read about.

In addition to this subject, the meeting discussed the establishment of a repository of films worth preserving. There is surely a need for a museum or library, so to speak, of films, so that they may be collected and preserved in the same way as books are kept in the British Museum. Many of the early Chaplin films have been lost or destroyed, and many other interesting films of the present time are likely to share the same fate. A reference library and theatre are also needed where Directors of Education and teachers can view films before ordering them for their schools, and, lastly, a National Distributing Library, from which the schools will be able to obtain the films they want.

Mr. Ramsbotham expressed his entire sympathy with the objects put forward by the Deputation, and promised that the British Film Institute should receive any support that the Board of Education could give.

J. W. BROWN

India

(Continued from page 91)

nothing. If the prosperity of the people in India had ever been the main concern of these reforms, I should have had no fear. It is because they have concerned themselves so much with the politicians and so little with the people that we fear so gravely for the future.

In a history of India that I have been lately reading, I came across these words: they were written by a great Viceroy many years ago, and they seem to me to be worthy of our attention at this moment: 'I circulate these papers: they are an instance of the principle that we should do what is right without fear of consequences. To fear God and to have no other fear is a maxim of religion; the truth of it and the wisdom of it are proved day by day in politics'. I commend the calm words and brave counsel of Lord Dalhousie to our politicians at Westminster today.

The first of five parts of a most attractive collection of reproductions of *Masterpieces of French Painting* has been issued by Messrs. Zwemmer of Charing Cross Road at 27s. 6d. The first volume covers French painting from the Primitives down to the sixteenth century, and includes thirty-two reproductions in colour drawn from pictures in the Louvre, Musée Condé, and other public collections. The purpose of the book is stated to be 'to choose the most outstanding works, the masterpieces, and what is more important, the typical works of each period, and to reproduce them in colour, in their own colour, as faithfully as modern processes of reproduction permit'. The pictures are reproduced on separate sheets, with appropriate explanatory letterpress. The colour-work is in most cases beautiful and satisfying, even though those who have seen the originals may here and there find some of the more delicate shades too harshly dealt with in the reproductions.

Morality Old and New

Is There a Moral Standard?

By the Rev. HUGH MARTIN

I SAID at the close of my last talk* that morality had to justify itself at the bar of human reason, and that it was no good merely to quote authority, whether civic or religious. I believe myself that morality really rests upon religious beliefs, but I want now to see how far we can get without bringing in religious issues.

To begin with, it is fairly obvious that to make human life possible at all there must be some generally accepted rules of conduct. A society without laws would not be a free society. It would not make for safer and more rapid transit to abolish all the rules of the road. We can only travel at all because there are rules and because most people observe them. So it is in morality. Our present moral code may well be capable of improvement, but it is there at all as an attempt to express the experience of the race. The cardinal virtues are the summing up of the accumulated wisdom of the ages. The value we attach to courage, temperance, truthfulness, loyalty was born out of long experience of their contribution to human well-being. Every generation has the right, and indeed the duty, of examining critically its heritage from the past, but it is merely silly to brush on one side all that our ancestors discovered without, at any rate, a fair trial.

Now if we are embarking upon a critical examination of traditional morality, how ought we to set about it? What is good? How are we to recognise it?

Conscience Is Not Infallible

Some people would at once refer us to the voice of conscience. Conscience may be defined for present purposes as the judgment of moral approval or disapproval which we pass on the motives or actions of ourselves or others. We shall all agree that a man ought always to obey his own sincere judgment as to the right or wrong of a course of action. But the individual conscience is far from infallible. Men have quite conscientiously done horrible things. They have enslaved each other and tortured each other, for example. Conscience may be dulled or warped. It is partly the expression of the beliefs of a man's generation.

And conscience may be stupid or ill-informed. A good man may do wrong with the best of intentions, because he may misunderstand the facts or form a wrong judgment as to the results of a particular course of action. The real total goodness of an action depends not only on the goodwill of the actor, but partly on his having used his intelligence to the best of his ability to master the given facts.

Of course, it is not the whole truth about conscience to say that it reflects the standards of a man's generation, because conscience has often led men to do what society forbade and to be rebels against the verdict of the mass of their fellows. The great moral pioneers of the race have been men who have obeyed the voice of conscience. For though it does not settle the problem of morals to refer us to the voice of conscience, yet this fact of moral judgment in every man seems indisputable, and is of fundamental importance. We all have in us a sense of ought. We do pass moral judgments on ourselves and others. We may fail to see the wickedness of some actions others call sinful, but there are for all of us some deeds that are unpardonable. We condemn cruelty as wrong. We *know* that loyalty is better than treachery.

Human Virtues Depend Upon Man's Nature

But where is conscience to find its standards of judgment if it is not in itself infallible? Is there no appeal beyond the individual? Must each man do what is right in his own eyes? Even leaving all religious sanctions on one side for the present, I am sure that we need not come to such a hopeless conclusion. Can we not argue like this?

Human virtues, the things it is good for a man to do, must be determined by what man is. The right conditions of life for an animal, its food and housing and so forth, depend upon its nature. The Curator of the Zoological Gardens does not feed the lions on nuts or provide the ostrich with a swimming

pool. If an animal behaves in a way contrary to its nature it suffers and perhaps dies. So the conduct of a man should be prescribed for him by his nature, which is more complicated than that of any mere animal. Man is an animal, but he is also a mind and a spirit; or if you prefer it, there are physical, mental and spiritual elements in his make-up. True laws of conduct will not violate his true nature. We are surely not altogether at the mercy of individual fancy here. It is not just a matter of opinion as to whether a baby thrives best on milk or arsenic. It is likewise a matter of observation and fact that some courses of conduct are bad and some are good for man as an individual and for human society; that is to say, they hinder or promote healthy living. The laws of conduct rest on the same foundation as the laws of health—the observed nature of man.

There are some who will admit no other rule of life than the pursuit of their own pleasure. They are out for a good time. This is a very popular point of view and in a more refined form has found respectable and eminent defenders. In the crude sense of just being 'out for a good time' for oneself, it is difficult to take seriously. If pleasure-seeking were the only or even the dominant element in human nature we should none of us be here to argue about morals. Human society would have ceased long ago. The race has been carried forward by the self-sacrifice and the pains of men and women.

Civil War in the Soul

As a serious standard of conduct for society and freed from its merely selfish connotation, happiness as a goal is full of ambiguity. 'Actions are right', said J. S. Mill, 'in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, wrong as they tend to promote the reverse of happiness'. Such a rule is, of course, meaningless until you have defined happiness and decided whose happiness you are to seek. I have not time to discuss this theory further here, which perhaps does not greatly matter as it has few advocates today.

I would rather give my time to discussing what we may call the doctrine of self-expression as the guide to conduct. There are different sides to human nature, it is argued. Man is at times animal. At other times he is a lover of beauty and refinement. Fulness of life is to be won by giving the rein to the impulses as they come. This is called by its advocates a 'realistic morality', not narrow and one-sided like the traditional doctrines. (Not, of course, that this kind of argument is really new; Plato, for example, has quite a lot to say about it.)

Now this assumption that happiness and fullness of life is to be achieved by freeing the passions from control is at odds with all experience. The instincts are not the self but only its instruments. A series of gratified desires is not the same thing as a gratified self. To indulge them without restraint is to awaken civil war in the soul. Freedom is not to do whatever we like at the moment; that is, to be a slave to passing impulse, to what is most unstable and impermanent in us. Also the more complicated man's environment becomes the less likely is it that a merely instinctive response to a situation will prove the best for the individual or for society. The only free and happy man is the one whose instincts are all organised in the pursuit of a consciously chosen purpose which welds the personality into a harmonious whole. We do not get our personalities ready made.

I do not mean that the instincts have to be repressed, that we ought to say 'No' to life. Our instincts are not evil; they are the raw material of good as well as of evil. They ought to be expressed, but they ought also to be controlled. In a true personality the spiritual, that is, the distinctly human element, is in control of the physical.

People who argue for 'self-expression' appear to have chiefly in mind the free expression of the sexual instincts. But why does not the argument hold good for all instincts if it is true at all? Why not give free vent to anger on being jostled in a crowd or steal freely in satisfaction of one's acquisitive instinct? The answer is obvious. It just can't be done. Social life would be impossible on those terms. There must be respect for the rights

of others even though it means the curbing of natural impulses and desires. No individualistic morality can be satisfactory, whether we mean by that a morality in which every man makes his own rules, or a morality based upon purely selfish considerations. Self-assertion at the cost of others can clearly never be the basis of an enduring social order. On the simplest as well as on the highest levels we cannot live our lives as if we were the only persons to be considered. That we are members one of another is the verdict of experience and not only a teaching of religion.

And it might be well if some of those who believe in self-assertion were to ask if their selves were very much worth asserting. Self-expression is only valuable if we possess a self that is worth expressing. It is a relief sometimes to quote Carlyle's vigorous language. His verdict on the eighteenth century, 'soul extinct, stomach well alive', can hardly be bettered as a description of some of our modern self-asserters.

Is the Self Worth Expressing?

But self-expression might mean something vastly different. While the unrestrained expression of the instincts has nothing to commend it, self-expression might mean the harmonious development of the whole self, which is quite another story—

the quest for the healthy body, the keen mind, and the sensitive spirit. To achieve these means respect for similar rights in others and it means self-control and self-mastery. Every athlete knows that without any advice from the moralist.

Let me try to sum up. No society can exist without rules which are the outcome of the experience of the past. We ought to give due weight to such experience in formulating our own. In every man there is a sense of ought, but conscience is not infallible and it can only pass judgment on the evidence presented to it. Good intentions are not enough. We must find a standard by which conscience can judge.

The standard for human behaviour we find by a consideration of the nature and purpose of human life. Those lines of conduct are 'good' which make for the development of a full humanity and which, while not ignoring the animal in man, give right of rule to the mind and spirit. The true morality calls neither for the repression of the self nor for an uncontrolled expression of every impulse but rather for a controlled and directed life in which every instinct finds its place and fulfilment. Finally, this dominant purpose which gives moral meaning to life cannot be selfish or individualistic. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself' is a fundamental principle of true morality.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a nom-de-plume

The Burlington House Exhibition

Mr. W. R. M. Lamb's introductory explanation of the aims and principles of the Exhibition at Burlington House is destined to give the impression that the exhibits represent the results of *two years' effort* on the part of the Royal Academy and the Society of Arts to bring together artists and manufacturers in order to stimulate improvement in industrial design. A visit to Burlington House hardly confirms these claims. One would expect to find there (a) evidence of improvement in such industries that, so far, had neglected or refused to consider the problem; (b) evidence that such improvement, thanks to these efforts, had spread from the luxury article to the goods and gadgets that are within the range of the ordinary man's purse.

What the exhibition does show is (a) that an already well-established association between certain manufacturers and artists existed long before this exhibition was thought of. Such examples of improvement in design as may be found in the printing, textile, glass, pottery and some of the furniture sections—that is to say in the majority of the exhibits—have been on the market for a considerable time; (b) that this improvement either has not spread beyond the luxury article, or that manufacturers who can produce articles and gadgets of good design at a reasonable price have not been invited to contribute.

The pioneer claims of the Royal Academy and the Royal Society of Arts can only be substantiated in one or two isolated instances: here the spirit behind the 'strenuous work' of these two societies springs from the same old misunderstanding of the problem that has always hindered a possible solution. They have done no more than to oblige the reluctant manufacturer to commission some well-known artist to design an object: a method which, however good the individual results may be, is more likely to discourage than to stimulate general improvement in industrial design, for the reason that, in such cases, the artist produces a work of art instead of a commercially suitable design, and is paid a price which, in the opinion of the manufacturer, makes further experiments undesirable.

The exhibition shows nothing to prove that in these two years of preparation still timid manufacturers have been persuaded to stop flooding the market with imitations or adaptations of all forms of art, including the modern variety, or prevailed upon to engage the permanent services of some qualified individual competent to re-educate their designers in good design within the scope of their particular industry. As things are, a more accurate description of the aims and principles of this exhibition would be that it was intended to give official sanction to certain forms of improved design *already existing*, and to avoid controversies by ignoring some of the more interesting. Whatever good may result from this consecration the manner

of conferring it can only perpetuate the misunderstanding between design and decoration and also give the world the mistaken impression that in matters of industrial design England is smugly keeping at a safe distance behind foreign countries.

Holland Park

EDMUND DULAC

The Indian Rope Trick

The late Lord Curzon of Kedleston, when Viceroy of India, stipulated, as a condition of acceptance of the possibility of a performance of the *classic* Indian Rope Trick, the production of genuine, untouched photographs of such a native performance. His wishes were not gratified, and even had they been, one must point out—what many believers and non-believers in this classic illusion appear to overlook—that even genuine photographs would, and could, prove little or nothing. Obviously, photographs can throw no light on the subjective conditions of the spectators. None, save delusional paranoiacs, suppose that a boy, followed by a conjuror, can climb a rope, in full sight of spectators in the open air, and vanish into nothingness, later reappearing in the person of the conjuror, preceded or followed by a shower of dismembered portions of the boy's anatomy: whereupon, after a necromantic wave of the conjuror's hand, and an incantation, the boy—reassembled in some mystic invisible human automobile factory—trots smilingly out from behind a banyan tree, a hillock of sand or a heap of dung in a compound or native bazaar. Yet, to listen to some sceptics as well as some believers, one would suppose that the lens of the camera will prove beyond a doubt that this *could* happen, or will show the *modus operandi* of the Indian conjuror, just as though he were performing on the stage of a Maskelyne and Devant theatre! Some sceptics argue or seem to lay down the dogmatic position that believers in the possibility of this illusion are actually endeavouring to prove that the conjuror performs these miracles of vanishing and reappearing, dismemberment and reassembly of parts of the human anatomy. And it is often these very sceptics who clamour for photographs in order to prove or disprove the alleged facts. When the photographs—even if untouched and not composite or faked—are produced, the sceptic, having thrust upon the unfortunate believer the sceptic's own view of the believer's position, enjoys the triumphant situation of the gentlemen who operate with three cups and a pea on Epsom Downs: heads I win, tails you lose!

A Scottish correspondent has written to me suggesting that the showman 'Karachi' should at once be allowed to perform the Rope Trick, and that this will, for all time, settle the question. I have carefully examined the photographs taken by Mr. Lewis at Roborough Down, near Plymouth, and—this will

point my contentions about the futility of expecting the camera to prove anything—three questions suggest themselves: (1) Does not the curious spiral on the rope used by 'Karachi' suggest that the rope is not, as he says, an ordinary tug-of-war rope? (2) Is 'Karachi' really a native of India? (3) What is the object of sticking a turbaned native's head in the mat at 'Karachi's' feet, while 'Karachi' miraculously erects his rope close to the showmen's caravans near Plymouth? All that the camera can do, so far as the cautious investigator is concerned, is to make him take up the attitude of Thomas called Didymus. Colonel Elliot recently asked the readers of the *British Medical Journal* to tell him whether they had any personal experiences or knowledge of the alleged phenomenon of mass-hypnotism, or collective suggestibility, whose possibility is emphatically denied by western medical psychologists and hypnotists. Will he tell us what, on the balance, was the result of his inquiries?

Bexleyheath

HAROLD T. WILKINS

[Some of the points raised by our correspondent are dealt with in the description by Mr. Harry Price of 'Karachi's' performance, which we reproduce on another page—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

A Death Blow to 'Cundit'?

The evergreen subject of the pronunciation of the word 'conduit' has arisen once more. As I possess this name myself I feel that I am one of the few people who has any real right to make a pronouncement on the subject. Since the controversy arose I have been plagued for my opinion. Perhaps that opinion expressed in your journal will quell the storm (Heaven forbid that it should add fuel to the fire.) I call myself 'Condewit', my father does the same and my grandfather did likewise. That gives the word a tradition of nearly a hundred years. The name in its present form is one of the oldest in the annals of London and I have to admit that one Geoffrey, who was a sheriff in 1396, spelled his name Conduite. However, that may be due to an incomplete education for, John, apparently his son, reverted to Conduit once more.

I feel sure that people possessed of such a marvellous name as Cholmondely decided upon its remarkable pronunciation themselves, and I trust I may be permitted to do the same.

Rickmansworth

FRANCIS JOHN CONDUIT

Spoken English

During their talk on 'Spoken English', Professor Lloyd James and Mr. Gray used constantly the word 'dialect' when the fitter word was 'intonation'. If one says 'Er's combing thick cheel's 'air za 'ard, 'er'll pull't out moar-an'-mew!', one is talking in the dialect of Devon; yet one may say 'She's combing that little girl's hair so hard, she'll drag it out root-and-branch' in the broadest Devon, as to intonation. And, by the way, there was a more or less standardised rural intonation—not dialect: that of 'Loamshire', used on the same night, during 'Soft Lights and Sweet Music'; when the purest Devon (with its 'ow', 'aw', and long 'a' sounds, and guiltless of the execrable 'oi', 'o-o-h', and 'aa' sounds) was required. Those latter sounds, of which 'Loamshire' is full, are those which jar most in the debased speech of the *plebs* of Oxford City itself, hardly differentiable from that of an Oxfordshire village. When 'If Four Walls Told' was at the Savoy, the actors spoke in pure Devon, which they had been at pains to acquire in Devon. In the same play, put on at the Oxford Playhouse, the speech was atrocious: 'Loamshire' through which 'refinement' filtered!

Oxford

FREDERIC CONNETT WHITE

'Sea Power in the Modern World'

The misrepresentation of which Sir Herbert Richmond complains was due to the exigencies of space. Sir Herbert's argument with regard to the cruisers in question, as I understood it, was that the exaggerated value placed upon them by the advisers of certain governments was the principal obstacle to a great reduction in the size of battleships and battle cruisers. It is thus not the vessels themselves, but the attitude of these experts to them, which is the 'key to the problem of naval limitation'. I apologise for not making this clear.

Sir Herbert's next point is one that must remain, until the next war, a matter of opinion, but to base naval policy upon an assumption that the rules of war will be scrupulously observed by all parties in a major conflict is surely, in view of past experience, to run an unjustifiable risk. To call aircraft 'flying torpedo-boats and gun-boats' is to suggest that they are the equivalent in power and mode of action of their namesakes. It is this suggestion that I find quaint. I still find it quaint. Finally, the decisive point in the rating of a fighting vessel is the size of vessel

which it is able to engage in conflict with, approximately, even chances of success. Can Sir Herbert deny that in this respect the modern bomber is the equivalent of the battleship? The lower duration of fire is amply compensated for by the superiority in protection and manoeuvre. In the protection of commerce I see no reason why one, or at most two, such aircraft should not be much more effective than the surface vessel. I should like to deal further with this point, but have already taken too much of your space.

YOUR REVIEWER

'The Serial Universe'

Serialism is full of traps for the unwary; and since I have, at one time or another, sampled most of these myself, I can hardly blame Mr. Newman for having stumbled into the first and most gaping of them all. But I submit that it was not my business to placard my book with warning notices: it was sufficient, surely, for me to indicate the straight path. And I think Mr. Newman might have realised that I could hardly have taken seven years over the step from *An Experiment with Time* to *The Serial Universe* without having expended some of that time in examining the possibilities regarding a regress of space. His main error is a double one. He assumes that a regress of space must take the form of unearthing a serial 'here' by a process correlative to that which discloses the serial 'now'. And he supposes further (I cannot imagine why) that a serial space would require the addition of a second minus sign to Minkowski's world. But, if he had endeavoured, as I had endeavoured, to work out a regress of 'here', he would have found the demonstration impossible. He takes, however, the shorter course of begging the question by a mistaken appeal to relativity. But the double minus sign could appear only if his 'here-now' were regardable as a 'now-now'. And I hope sincerely that none of my friends at Oxford is teaching that.

London, W.C. 1

J. W. DUNNE

Giant Telescopes

May I implore Mr. Gerald Heard, in all friendliness, to remember that good old adage, 'Never prophesy unless you know'? In THE LISTENER of January 2, page 5, he says that the 200-inch telescopic mirror recently cast in America is 'perhaps the largest mirror man will ever make'. Now we read in the daily papers of January 4 that Dr. H. Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal, gave at the Imperial College of Science and Technology on the previous evening 'details of a 300-inch telescope that has been designed in America' (*The Times*, January 4, page 14). It is true that Dr. Jones added, 'Whether such an instrument will ever be constructed remains to be seen'. But the doubt appears to depend on cost, rather than on possibility of manufacture; for Dr. Jones said that the manufacture and housing of even the 200-inch instrument would probably cost £2,000,000. We may therefore assume that the 300-inch giant might run to £3,000,000. But in America, where so many wealthy men take a profound interest in the advancement of science, it is not impossible that such a sum should be raised. At all events, that must have been the hope sustaining Mr. Pease, of Mount Wilson Observatory, who went to the trouble of preparing complete designs, arriving at an estimate of 1,600 tons as the weight of 'all the moving parts of the instrument'.

Woodford

GEORGE EASTGATE

Care of the Mentally Unfit

THE LISTENER is certainly doing a good work in opening its columns for the benefit of the mentally afflicted. The conviction that all is not well in respect of mental treatment is becoming widespread and it is to be hoped that radical reform will soon be an accomplished fact. The procedure of certification needs to be thoroughly overhauled. As Mr. H. G. Wells has remarked, a careless magistrate and a silly doctor can make a lunatic in five minutes; it takes no end of trouble to unmake one. The environment of an asylum tends to manufacture insanity rather than cure it. In a recent leading article in *The Times* a new method in the treatment of mental illness was demanded: 'The fear of hospitals began to diminish when treatment in hospitals became effective. Exactly the same change is likely to occur in the case of mental hospitals when the public finds that treatment, and not segregation, is the object being pursued'. At present the public has little confidence in the asylum system, and where there is no confidence there can be no cure.

The crux of the matter is that whereas, in ordinary hospitals, the ruling motive is to cure, in a mental hospital there is a sub-

conscious conviction that all that can be done is to detain the patient. It can readily be seen that such an attitude paralyses all curative effect at the outset. The keynote of such a system is that of despair. Homes should be provided apart from lunacy control (and its inevitable stigma) where early cases of nervous disorder can be treated in a helpful atmosphere, free from distressing sights and sounds. The initial outlay would be more than justified by the ultimate saving in both health and money. Despair would give place to hope.

London, W.C.1

FRANCIS J. WHITE

Secretary, National Society for Lunacy Law Reform

Help for Wireless Discussion Groups

May I draw the attention of other discussion groups to a valuable help in their work? During the 'Poverty in Plenty' series the Langold wireless discussion group has had the loan of a box of books from the County Library. Through the kindness of the County Librarian and the Nottinghamshire Education Committee, we have been given the status of an Adult Education Class, and most of the books mentioned in the Talks Pamphlet as suitable have thus been made available to us. The reading and constant reference to the books by our members has added greatly to our interest in the series. No doubt other County Libraries would be glad to give similar help.

Costhorpe

M. RANDLE

Youth Looks Ahead

This series of talks looks like being very refreshing. If we realise that these young men have scarcely had time to penetrate very far below the surface of things, we shall not expect any very profound philosophic ideas from them. I think, however, we are entitled to expect something more or less original, perhaps a new lead for dealing with our present difficulties. It is just here that Mr. Boyd-Carpenter seems to fail us, for all he can do is to dish up for our consumption the hopelessly out-of-date policy of the pre-War Conservatives. And he actually has the nerve to recommend that we should use this past political experience to meet our present difficulties, while admitting that this very policy was responsible for leading us

into the late War: and just as surely nationalism and isolation are today leading Europe into further wars.

The real difficulty today is that the situation is an entirely new one, and so there is no political experience to guide anyone. The new feature of the situation is the wholesale replacement of human labour by machine labour, and under the old system the only outlet for the surplus human labour is through nationalism into universal war. Luckily, even our Conservative politicians are more advanced than Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, and they are rapidly adapting their policy in the direction of Socialism, which he seems to despise. Following an opposite policy to that which he advocates, namely, more Government control of industry and shorter hours of work, they may be in time to save this country from the appalling state of affairs that we see in Germany and elsewhere today.

Manchester

L. H. CALLENDAR

Authority

In reply to Mr. Woodall's query 'What authority is there in such a subject as mathematics?', would not most people agree that authority in such cases lies solely in the true nature of the ideas or things dealt with, as they are in themselves? This truth about things is the scientist's authority, and, as Mr. Woodall says, it is capable of being tested. The 'authority' we attribute to more expert or more experienced persons than ourselves is provisional and relative, though their findings probably constitute our highest immediate resource.

Liverpool

DONALD BRADSHAW

'Meek' or 'Debonair'?

Surely the Christian Science interpretation of the word 'meek' is the most lucid and understandable, which is 'teachable or receptive', this makes the whole passage in the Beatitudes clear, for it is those, and only those, who are receptive and teachable, to whom all things in earth and heaven are available. The eternal truths can never penetrate into minds that are blocked by their own preconceived opinions.

It is only to the others that all the workings of the Master mind live and have meaning.

Ditchling

BEATRICE ROWE THOMAS

Short Story

The Return

By LORD DUNSANY*

CAN you all hear me? I am speaking on the wireless. And I believe that I am in touch with you.

I thought that perhaps you might care to hear a ghost-story. An actual personal experience, with nothing second-hand about it. A thing that occurred actually to myself, perhaps the most personal ghost-story that any of you may have heard.

Well, to begin with, I was a long way away, when there came over me very suddenly an irresistible feeling to return to the old haunts that I had known a long while ago. I say 'to begin with', for one must begin somewhere; and my long wanderings, and the remote parts to which I had come, are not much concerned with this tale. Sufficient that I turned at once for home, borne by a longing so strong that it seemed to leave me no choice, and came in the course of time to that very village whose every chimney I knew. Every path I knew there too, and every little track running off from the paths the width of a single footstep, by which children ran to gardens of their own, that they had found or made among weeds; but some of these paths had altered in the long time since I was there. It was a long time. The old public house was the same, the 'Green Man' at the corner. And there I drifted, almost aimlessly, and yet with a feeling that there as much as anywhere I might find the life of the old village throbbing away. It was as I passed over the fields on the way to the 'Green Man' that I first heard people talking about a ghost. I was passing a wheat-field, over the stubble, brushing by a line of sheaves, when two men at work there, taking the sheaves away, began to talk of the ghost all of a sudden. 'They say it comes every hundred years', said one. I knew at once they were speaking about a ghost.

'Yes', said the other, looking up at the leaves turning with the earliest touch of autumn, 'and it should be about the very day'.

'It is', said the first; and I heard them say no more, and

passed on, feeling sure I should hear more at the inn. At the inn I knew none of them, not one; and, where once I thought I did, it was only some old family-likeness. So I sat all by myself in a corner beside a curtain and listened to what they said. And just as I came in their talk took the same turn as what I had heard in the cornfield. There was a ghost, it seemed, that came to that village once in a hundred years, and the hundred years were up. 'Might be coming soon', said one, who looked like a gamekeeper.

'Aye, if there's any truth in it', said a farmer.

'True enough by all accounts', said some.

'And there's been a look about the shadows lately', the keeper said, 'like what my grandmother told me of'.

'Your grandmother?' one of them asked.

'Yes, she saw it', he said.

'Must have been an old woman', said a man, looking round from the bar on which he was leaning.

'Saw it as a child', said the keeper.

'I wouldn't walk near the stream tonight', said another, 'not if any mist was rising. You'd meet it, all damp in the mist'.

I sat there quietly in the shade of the curtain listening to all they said.

'Wonder where it comes from', said the farmer.

'Ah', they all said, and shook their heads, and no-one even ventured to guess about that.

'Drifts over the fields where it used to walk, I expect, and up to the old house', said the bar-tender. 'But as to where it comes from; ah'.

And then their talk died away, as though it were somehow chilled by a draught blowing out of eternity. And when I saw I would get no more of this story from them I slipped quietly out of the room.

Two women were talking on a doorstep as I passed the next house; they seemed to be talking about the price of tea.

And suddenly I heard one say: 'It will be about the hundred years'.

'Aye', said the other one, 'I shouldn't wonder'. And one of them went inside the house at that, and the other hurried away along the street, and I was all alone once more.

I passed a group of children in the road; and saw from a certain hush that came over their playing, and from the way that a few of them put their heads together and glanced up towards the old house, that they, too, were talking of the ghost. It left no doubt that that house was the seat of the mystery, and that there these ends of tales that one heard in the village would be all gathered together. But when would it be? Was it the hundred years? It hardly seemed to me that it could be yet. The air seemed somehow not quite sufficiently haunted, though it hardly seems worth telling you so airy a fancy. Partly to see the old village again, and partly to get more facts, if I could, about this tale of the ghost, I hung about the village. I went to the village-green. It delighted me to see the calm old space again, altered, but not out of knowledge; and there were geese on it, just as of old. And then a young man and a girl came by, going along a path that slanted across the green, the same path that there had been in my time. And by some strange chance they, too, as soon as they came within hearing, began to speak of the end of the hundred years, and that visitor that all of them were expecting. Half-believing and half-wondering, they passed away out of hearing.

One is moved by impulses more than by reason when one comes to old haunts that one knew. Had reason moved me alone, I should have gone at once to the old house on the hill beyond the village, and satisfied my curiosity there. But stronger than curiosity, stronger than any other emotion within me, I found the lure of the great willows, standing in their strange attitudes by the long-remembered stream. To them I went as evening began to draw in. A white mist rose as I came, and began to creep slowly through fields that sloped to the stream. I went with it, glad of its company, and loitered about those fields whose every boundary was unchanged by even a yard since the days when I knew them. And there the old haystacks stood, dark in the same corners, as though they had never been used since last I saw them; and the mist came up and touched them, and flowed about them, till they stood amongst it like islands. I seemed to know every one of them, not only by their positions, but by the size of them. You see nothing could ever have happened in the years since I was there to make each field give more hay, or any less, or to find a better place for the haystack to stand in each field. It was this that made me see what I already profoundly felt, that I still had my share in this village. Much had changed, but the fundamental things were there as ever. Indeed it could not have been otherwise. And it made me feel more friendly with the mist, with which I was sauntering amongst these remembered nooks, to reflect that it was another of those things that would be in that valley always. Or if it wandered away in the warm weather, carried off by some stray wind, it would return like myself.

Couples walking late, or men travelling lonely, turned now away from the mist, as though they found something ominous in its waving and wandering whiteness; they turned suddenly for the uplands, and we were left quite alone. And I knew they were right to avoid the stream at this hour, for there was a most haunted feeling about it, and that feeling slowly increased as the evening grew stiller and later. Rooks passed, and all the singing-birds were asleep. A few wild ducks came over, and circled once, and dropped past me down to their home in a patch of irises, they alone seeming unperturbed by whatever was making the mist so unmistakably eerie. And then a silence fell that nothing disturbed at all, and all the while the eeriness was increasing. It was like that till the moon rose. But when the moon came huge and yellow and magical and very nearly full, almost with a leap over a ridge of the downland that showed just clear of the osiers, I suddenly knew that the hundred years were up, and that whatever haunted the old house over the meadows, on the opposite side from the moon, would be now on its way, if ever. So I left the stream at once and turned for the hill, to see what was to be seen. I went, all the way, over fields, every one of which I had carried so long in my memory that I knew my way unmistakably. Sometimes they differed from the picture of them that I had treasured so long, but only by being a little duller, by shining a little less vividly,

as must be the way with heavy solid earth when compared with an old memory. Voices were rising now in the village behind me, as though the large moon coming over the ridges, or the end of the hundred years, had awoken all of a sudden uneasy apprehensions; and not only human voices rose in a hum, but there came sharply through them the outcry of dogs, which clearly shared the vague fear that seemed haunting their masters. The sound of the voices grew low as I moved away from them, but never ceased to fill the night with fear. At what moment the hundred years would end I knew not, but it seemed to me that as the moon rose higher the very last hours of the century were falling away.

I crossed a road, and a couple walking down it paused suddenly and looked up to the old house on the hill. I saw the shape of it, dark, with no windows lit, though now and then the moon flashed curiously upon panes. And this bulk in the night with flashes upon the windows, I knew for the end of my journey. In this house my life had begun, and to it I returned. It was this house that had called me, through all the length of my wanderings, and that I felt drawing me now, as the Pole draws the needles of magnets. I paid no heed any more to that uneasy hum that came quivering up from voices astir in the village, but left them to whatever troubled them in the mist, and made straight for that house. Far down below me now were the mist and its fears, and the slope of the hill steepened. I swept up it; and just as I came to the edge of the lawns I knew as I know no other lawns, I found a high wall before me. They had built it since the days when I knew those lawns. There seemed something about the moon and about the hour that told me not to loiter before this wall, and I pressed on to the house. The lawns were the same as ever, and all the dew was glittering under the moon, and a hush was heavy upon them, and the house was deep in sleep. Not a sound came from the black bulk of the house, not a movement of door or window, though I had returned to my home from so far and after so long. It stood there black and silent, but the chill and the hush and the darkness of the house were to stop me no more than the wall. I had come from so far to see those lawns again, and the old house standing amongst them. I went round to the door, and the glass which there was in its panels stared blankly at me, with shutters behind them; and all the bolts were locked. There a dog saw me. It had been lying down in a barrel, guarding the door when it suddenly saw me and howled. But still no sound or movement came from the house. I knew I was very near to the end of my long journey now—the old wainscot of oak on an upper landing, carved with curious heads of ancient kings, dark with the years and darkening all the corridor, that ran to the door of a room that was once my nursery. I knew now that this carved oak was the end of my journey. I entered the house, and the dog howled once more. Before me, all in the dark, were the stairs I knew. I needed no light. I knew every turn of those stairs, and every step of them, and the very flight of the echoes that used to rise from the creak of each different board. I sped up them, and the dog was howling now with one long quivering howl. I came to the landing, and there was the old dark corridor, and there were the ancient heads with their curious faces, that seemed to look at me with the first welcome I had had since my long journey began. The howling of the dog, which was louder now, seemed at last to disturb the house, for far away I heard the thudding of footsteps. And the steps were coming towards me.

Can you hear me? I feel that you can. I believe I am near you. A door opened some way off. The steps were nearer. A woman came along the corridor, holding a candle, walking slowly, and looking about her anxiously as she came. And just then clearly out of the tower of the old church of the village the notes of midnight floated over the mist, and it felt to me at that moment that the hundred years were over. And all of a sudden the woman holding the candle saw me. She seemed to see me more clearly than any had done in the village: I noticed that in her eyes as her mouth opened slowly. And then she screamed.

This is a personal experience. Nothing second-hand, as so often there is in such stories. I turned from the woman's white face to the dark of the old carved wainscot, whose every panel and every figure I knew; and, sinking far into that venerable timber, sinking home to the deeps of the oak, I knew that I was the ghost.

Books and Authors

A Secular History of Religion

A History of Religions. By Denis Saurat. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by the Rev. SIR EDWYN HOSKYNs

PROFESSOR DENIS SAURAT does not offer his English readers a piece of original, impartial research: he presents them with the orthodox analysis of the history of religions that has been worked out by the well-known school of French secular historians who, congregating round the Musée Guimet in Paris, have worked out their doctrines in strict opposition to the theological orthodoxy of French Catholicism. Only on this French background can his book be properly understood and properly appreciated.

The general scheme and lay-out of the book is governed by the theory that the evolution of the history of religions falls into a neat and fairly easily recognisable pattern. The ground-work of all religion, historically considered, is provided by the chaos of the beliefs and practices of savages, by their taboos and totems and spirits, by their dreams and visions and myths. On the background of this chaotic, savage material the civilisations of Egypt and Mesopotamia arose. The emergence, first of nations; then of empires, produced theologians whose business it was to develop the older beliefs in order to make them correspond with this national growth and imperial expansion. There was, consequently, great theological activity; and the complicated religions of Egypt, Assyria and Babylon were the product of the interaction between savage beliefs, unified civilisation, and theological acuteness. The ancient world, however, grew tired of its religions. When the religions of the Nile Valley and of Mesopotamia had lasted for some 4,000 years, a new era arose. Then for the first time religions were founded. The great religions of the new epoch were each founded by a man, founded also upon an idea. Zoroaster founded a religion on the idea of good and evil, the Buddha on the idea of suffering, Jesus on the idea of love, Muhammad on the idea of the unity of God. The mythologies of the old religions, which these men wished to supersede, were, however, not easily destroyed. Buddha was made into a god; the myth of Marduk embraced the story of the death of Jesus, and he too became a god. Indeed 'Paul was probably the man who fused all myths into one, the Christ myth'—'The Gospels are free from all the absurdities which begin with Paul'. The original ideas were, however, not destroyed by this super-position of myth. Sooner or later all mythologies recede and disappear. The struggle between ideas and mythology is the modern world, which 'does not believe in the gods in its lowest or in its highest modes of thinking'. The modern world, which Professor Saurat supposes will, like the ancient world, last some 4,000 years, has run but half its course. Nevertheless, this first half is supremely important, because its ending marks the passing from a lower to a higher manner of thought. In the West Christianity has controlled the first epoch. But philosophically, Christianity ended with the Council of Trent and with Luther and Calvin. The Council of Trent defined the faith; and this meant that the human mind could no longer grow within Christianity. Similarly, the intolerance of Luther and Calvin meant that neither could the human mind grow within protestantism. 'Philosophically, protestantism is an unimportant episode in the history of Christianity'. This explains why Professor Saurat is able to describe the introduction of the Reformation into England in four sentences: 'Henry VIII defied the Pope, married Anne Boleyn and confiscated the monks' property. But he worried little about dogma. His daughter Elizabeth, in 1562, had 39 articles drawn up, to be the Statute of the Anglican Church. There is little interest in them: transubstantiation was rejected, as Calvin had rejected it, but predestination was not recognised, in spite of Calvin'.

After the Council of Trent and the Reformation the development of ideas takes place outside Christianity. The new age is the end of mythology, the end of the gods. The great religions may still be powerful, but they are sterile. The second period of the modern world is, in so far as it is fruitful, the age of philosophy; but it is only at its beginning. Nevertheless, the road of development lies open, since the preoccupation with combating religion of any kind is now absent: 'A first-rate philosopher like the German Husserl, for instance, does not even consider

religious problems at all. The human mind is at last free to think as it lists. . . . A new era ought to begin'.

It is very difficult to think that this secular French scheme of the history of religions will be accepted by many intelligent Englishmen or Englishwomen. The framework is too narrow, too harsh, too dogmatic; the Biblical exegesis far too scrappy, inadequate, and propagandist. After all, the analysis of the history of religion must in the end be concerned to make sense, not nonsense, of the existence of the Church in the modern world. But when this is said, and when the background of Professor Saurat's work is recognised, his book makes excellent reading, and will certainly provide admirable topics of conversation. Those who determine to read it to the end will stumble upon very provocative remarks, such as, for example, 'The modern attempt to make Jesus into a Socialist is comical in its good intentions. Jesus cares nothing for economic equality; he demands love, and the suppression of the goods of this world, not their equitable distribution. The exclusive concern with material conditions which is characteristic of Socialism is at the very opposite of Jesus' chief pre-occupations'.—'Herbert Spencer (1903) tried to build a system on the idea of evolution. But each one of his ideas in turn was destroyed as science progressed. He stands as a monument to the treachery of science, which always lets down the philosophers who trust her'.

There are few preachers nowadays who have the courage to publish their sermons. Or is it that the publishers are less courageous than the preachers? In the case of *Govan Calling*, by the Rev. George MacLeod (Methuen, 5s.), neither preacher nor publisher is likely to be disappointed, for these sermons and addresses (many of them broadcast) have qualities which outlast the occasions that called for them. If they are not profound, these sermons do much more than ruffle the surface of complacency. From them exudes a fine, manly Christianity that contrasts strongly with the sentimentality of the usual 'successful' sermon. They have the additional merit of dealing with present-day problems such as 'Christ and Patriotism', 'Christ and Modernity', and 'Things not worth dying for'.

The Shades

Comfort was in our shadows. Now the hindered sun
No longer legible, denies us those, we turn
Moving as shades do in the sterner zone.

Whose frigid finger signals down the spine:
Winter is on us with a new design,
The rhetoric of black, the ascetic line.

We observed the marks of autumn from our room:
The bitter bonfire, the chrysanthemum,
Whose small familiar glories held us dumb;

Comfort was in those shadows: now is none.
This bird, that star, dead, meteoric swift as stone,
Crippled by frost, shall point us what is done,

Splintering the lacquered sea. *Here comes the storm*
You spoke of in your dream. And still the worm
Seeks death by shelter. And the fast alarm

Echoing from aqueduct to aqueduct (the form
Of heaven) sirens destruction to the huddled warm.
You, not of these, shall fear no similar harm,

Proof against final flame. Yet have mercy on us:
For comfort was, and is gone; and we await your light
Whose fiat shall shatter and ignite the night, our night,
All darkness won. Behold the electric powers
In unison in us advancing; and the onus upon us.

HUGH GORDON PORTEUS

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The New America. By Sir Arthur A. Steel-Maitland
Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

A DESCRIPTION AND CRITICISM of the Roosevelt New Deal from the standpoint of English progressive Conservatism was obviously called for, and it is this which Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland provides. He has made two visits of inquiry to the United States since the policy was inaugurated, and having the invaluable backing of the Rockefeller Foundation he was enabled to get at the essential material under the most favourable circumstances. Beginning with a brief summary of the conditions of black crisis amidst which Mr. Roosevelt took office, Sir Arthur describes the amazing activity of the Hundred Days in Washington which gave to the session of 1933 a character unexampled in the history of the American Congress. Under the drive of the President's leadership the two Houses passed ten Acts which, if fully implemented, would undoubtedly have resulted in a large-scale reconstruction in the American system. But the grant of special powers is not the same thing as the exercise of power, and Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland takes note of the many obstacles lying in the road of constructive reform, particularly the difficulties of the federal system and the absence of a complete national Civil Service. He gives a concise account of the National Recovery Administration and its codes of fair practice, which were designed to establish minimum standards in every trade; of the banking and currency policy, farm relief and the programme of limited crops, and the large schemes of public-works expenditure which, since this book was written, have been expanded by huge projects of housing and civic development under a national twenty-years plan. Sir Arthur's discussion of the labour issues is full of interesting points, by no means fully understood in England. His analysis of the unemployment relief situation brings out the terrifying dimensions and perplexities of the problem, with the exhaustion of city and State funds, and the reluctance with which the authorities in Washington abandoned the old American view that relief ought to be the concern of the local governments and not of the Federal Administration. He examines the adventurous character of last year's expedients, including the labour training camps. The main conclusions are stated in a brief final chapter, which in all probability Sir Arthur was strongly tempted to expand. It indicates the certainty that after a few years of the present kind of experiment and development, and the almost inevitable re-alignment of political parties, the map of the United States will be surprisingly different from that of the country over which Mr. Roosevelt asserted his authority in 1933. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland does not dismiss the possibility of an end to capitalism, and he expresses the view that should the system be thrown over, it will be because the people have been driven by grim experience to try a different pattern of society. However that be, we have here at any rate a very serviceable guide to the most remarkable adventure in government and economic reorganisation so far attempted within the framework of the existing system.

The Last King: Don Alfonso XIII of Spain

By Warre Bradley Wells. Frederick Muller. 7s. 6d.

As a human being, but also as a royal personage, Alfonso XIII of Spain revealed many admirable qualities. His physical courage, his sportsmanship are something of a legend, and in his latter years he frequently seemed cast for the rôle of King Magnus. Yet he could not escape his destiny—to be driven from his country by an outraged nation, like all his nineteenth-century forbears, except Alfonso XII, his father, who died before the age of 30. What is the explanation of this paradox? Mr. Warre B. Wells gives the answer. It is summed up in the words: 'He was a man who could never be a modern King because he was born a historic King'.

Mr. Wells is to be congratulated on a grimly true picture of the last King. He does well to insist from the outset that the Don Alfonso whom his people sent packing is not that gallant dashing sportsman of ignorant English legend but *el señor de Borbon*, the hapless victim of the sins and imperfections and the outworn traditions of the 'Bourbon breed'. Born out of time, cradled in a panoply which ceased to have meaning when the last dead branch of the Spanish Empire dropped off in 1898,

trained by a mother both devoted and devout, so that he was imbued with an anachronistic pride in the Catholic majesty of his office, and inheriting his father's taste for the military life combined with a Hapsburg love of pageantry, the young King was, from the very beginning, at loggerheads with the nation. It was not his fault that his 'moral and political ascendancy' over the parasite-politicians coincided with a spiritual and economic renaissance which was bound sooner or later to sweep away the political cobwebs of the Restoration—as General Primo de Rivera's broom swept away the *politicos* and the *caciques* (political bosses) themselves in 1923. Compelled as he was to assume the power which statesmen should have shared with him, he came, by a series of blunders, to concentrate upon his own person the chronic rebelliousness of a sorely-tried people which was in no mood to submit to the old rule by ecclesiastical or military juntas.

Mr. Wells' narrative details those blunders, the decisive one being the sentence of death on the rebel officer, Firmin Galan, contrasting with the clemency of Primo de Rivera's seven years. He traces skilfully the threads that became interwoven to form the pattern of the final drama. If the style is at times a little forced, as though contriving shots for the screen, this book will remain a very readable piece of contemporary history. It is commendably free from political prejudice.

Repertory. By Cecil Chisholm. Davies. 7s. 6d.

The publishers claim that this book 'will be of the greatest value and interest to all who are concerned with the repertory theatre movement or with amateur theatricals'. The pity is that, although it is useful and entertaining up to a point, the superlative is not justified throughout the whole book. It contains much of the right sort of material for its purpose, and Mr. Chisholm is obviously fitted by ideals and experience to write a book on this subject; but even as an outline it falls short of expectation. In fact, too much of the book reads like a re-hash of a series of articles for a periodical. Hence it frequently loses its sense of objective, it suffers sometimes from a discursiveness which is out of place, and it often disappoints through its failure to be more exhaustive. There is also against it the curious omission of all reference to the work of the British Drama League, whilst the Abbey and Embassy Theatres too are very scantily treated. It is to be hoped that Mr. Chisholm will one day write a really comprehensive survey of the repertory movement.

The intelligent drama in England depends for its support on some 43,000 of the inhabitants, according to Mr. Chisholm's computation, and if they will read his book they will gain a great deal of information empirical to their cause. The place of the producer is once more discussed, and the methods of various producers and scenic designers described. From these chapters amateur producers and actors will gain many helpful hints; and in the difficult problem of selecting plays which have both merit and public appeal, Mr. Chisholm has done great service by collecting the actual experience of all the important professional and amateur repertory companies throughout the country.

The second section of the book is devoted to outlining the methods of establishing a repertory theatre. Here again Mr. Chisholm relates the experiences of the various repertory societies and, in view of the fact that, as with so much in England, it is a tale of individual enterprise surmounting by sheer importunity the apathy and ignorance of the general citizen, it makes interesting and encouraging reading. But the fact remains that in spite of the thirty-odd professional and fifteen amateur repertory companies at present at work, to say nothing of the hundreds of amateur societies producing plays once or twice a year, the repertory movement is still in a precarious condition. And this state of affairs is due entirely to lack of funds; and to a failing on the part of Englishmen to realise the essential value of intelligent drama as a social asset. Mr. Chisholm appeals for repertory theatres subsidised by municipal bodies as are public libraries and art galleries. He sees no hope for repertory unless it becomes a public service, and his best contribution in this book is the method he indicates to all friends of the intelligent theatre for first of all developing and finally establishing on a secure financial basis a repertory theatre in every locality of sufficient size. This latter section of the book is

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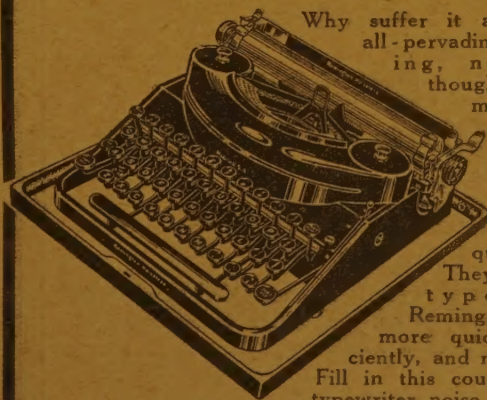
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Round the World with a Camera

By E. O. Hoppé. Hutchinson. 18s.

The text of Mr. Hoppé's new book is excellent. His powers of observation and his amused outlook on life have resulted in a volume both instructive and entertaining, while his pen frequently vies with his camera in producing vivid pictures of places visited. The chapter on his European wanderings, especially in the old towns of Germany and in Italy's 'boot', is perhaps the best, and makes the reader wish that he could see for himself these places, not included in the usual tours itinerary, but nevertheless quite accessible to the enterprising traveller. The author makes a visit to Ceylon's isle appear very desirable, evokes much of the allure of India, and takes us through Australia, New Zealand and the East Indies to the Western World. The photographs throughout are well above the average, the more successful of the 'types' being the Tasmanian farmer (page 151), the Old Miner (page 163), A Nobleman of Udaipur (page 110) and Afghans (page 102). Many of the village scenes have atmosphere and delightful effects of light and shade. In Mediæval Sibiu, Rumania (page 42), Village Street in Ceylon (page 67) and In Old Udaipur (page 106) being examples. The landscapes are, perhaps, not quite so good, the one of Upper Austria (page 58) being about the best. It is a pity that on several occasions the author intrigues by his reference to pictures taken, and then disappoints by his failure to show them. It is also annoying to find illustrations frequently divorced from the relevant subject matter, necessitating much turning-over of pages in search of the reference. This fault, however, is presumably one of production, and it does not detract materially from what is essentially an attractive and otherwise well-produced book.

The Complete Marjorie Fleming. Edited by

Frank Sidgwick. Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s.

Marjorie Fleming, the Scots girl prodigy, died before she was nine years old, leaving three journals, some verse, and a few letters. Part of these literary 'remains' was exploited in 1858 by a London journalist in the *Fife Herald*: 'Pet Marjorie: a story of Child Life Fifty Years Ago'. The articles, afterwards republished as a sixpenny booklet, provided Dr. John Brown (author of *Rab and his Friends*) with an opportunity for a more-elaborate revelation of Marjorie and her works. While adding much that was useful and interesting Brown perpetuated the designation 'Pet' and spelt Marjorie with -ie for which there was no support; and developed the story of Sir Walter Scott's friendship with Marjorie, again without justification. In 1904 came Macbean's *The Story of Pet Marjorie*, with an almost complete text of Marjorie's writings, as copied from the original MSS. by Dr. Brown. And now we have *The Complete Marjorie Fleming: Her Journals, Letters and Verses*, which, along with the collotype facsimile also published by Sidgwick and Jackson, constitutes the first and final textual authority. Mr. Sidgwick has reproduced Marjorie's text line for line, with all her errors, corrections, deletions, and interlineations, as well as the underlinings by which Isa Keith drew attention to misspellings. Out of this scholarly but almost unfriendly reproduction leaps Marjorie's personality with amazing vigour. What might still remain dark about the child is illumined by introduction, appendix, and notes. Reading these journals again one cannot refrain from indulging once again the unavailing regret that so much literary promise was destroyed by the unthinking hand of death. 'Pet' Marjorie she will remain to all of us, and we cannot be too hard on those who have sentimentalised her.

Russian Tour. By Carlo Scarfoglio

Valecchi, Florence. 10 lire

Seldom, we think, has the U.S.S.R. been approached so objectively as in this book by an Italian. The author, Signor Carlo Scarfoglio, a poet and writer of repute, but also a trained journalist (having been the owner of two of the leading newspapers of Italy), has already discussed the Russian economy in the pages of *The Times*; and now he has published this fine work giving a general impression of Soviet Russia. Scarfoglio, with

his clear Latin mind, which abhors woolliness as a sin against the spirit, has made a logical inquest of what he saw and deduced—and his verdict is severe. The 'Russian Tour' of which he writes was English, largely composed of Socialists and led by an ex-Socialist M.P. To the Italian, certainly, the tour was a disillusion. He had expected to find a thoroughgoing Communism, but instead found hardly a trace of it: the contradictions, the contrasts, the inequalities were painful, the gaps between promise and reality were glaring, the official affirmations were merely abstractions, concerned, not with human men and women but philosophical entities, and blind to the desperate sadness that wraps the people in an almost impenetrable veil. Socialism, he concludes, can sully itself with every horror of capitalism, yet remain, to the Socialist, as white as snow. Not one of his Socialist fellow-travellers had a moment of pity for the Russian people, nor was shaken in his preconceived beliefs. But humanity, at this moment, in contrast to the nineteenth century, has need, not of beliefs, but of criticism: of beliefs it has had even a surfeit. So the inquest continues, logical and pitiless. But the discussion is not merely theoretical—or the book would be a treatise, and not the living account that it is. It follows the lines of the tour, taking us by Soviet steamer to Leningrad, thence to Moscow by train, always with a running commentary, psychological, artistic, social, the main thread being a study of Bolshevik economy. Next comes the visit to Nijni Novgorod, to the shut-down motor factory, the trip on the Volga, the failure of the Russians to show an industrial centre, and the voyage back, from Leningrad to London. The book closes with a study of Bolshevik economy as it is at present.

The book is in a clear style, simple and telling, with warm impulses of feeling and indignation, and at times an authentic vein of poetry. Now and then the author is ironical at the expense of the 'sociologists' of the party, but is not unduly severe. He ends with this conclusion:

The sufferings of the Russians, their tragic experience, will teach the lesson that men are men, not merely figures in an economic calculation. In spite of everything, it is impossible to leave Russia without carrying away the impression that the pain and suffering have created a condition of spiritual and intellectual activity that we do not find in our own countries. Not in the ruling class of Russia, but certainly among the people. So Russia can still teach us much that is human, though not technical, in this second phase of its negative experiment. . . . One thing that will remain is the word *Tovaritch* (comrade) to remind us of the dream of brotherhood of the early days.

The Old Chevalier. By A. and H. Tayler. Cassell. 5s.

It is odd that in spite of the fascination the Stuarts have always exercised on the minds of men, and not of Jacobites alone, the portrait of the last Stuart king to be recognised on the Continent should be so unfamiliar. The joint authors have set out to tell their story as simply and directly as possible, eliminating everything that was not strictly necessary to an understanding of his life. The volume could hardly be better and makes fascinating reading, so that many a reader will be sent to the larger and more important lives. It was a long reign, though only a nominal one, from the death of James II, his father, in 1701, to his own sad death in 1766. In spite of his own expressed wish, Pope Clement XIII gave him a Royal funeral in St. Peter's, so, to quote the authors of this book, 'for the first time the crown was placed on his head, the sceptre and orb in his hands; it may be said that the coronation of which fate had robbed him fifty years before in Perth took place only after his death!' Jacobites in Scotland who had never seen him, and probably not heard of him for many years, announced to one another 'The King is dead'. James Francis Edward bore with dignity and courage a life of misfortune. It began early, for his very parentage was disputed. His health, permanently impaired by the too eager attentions of too many doctors, betrayed him again and again. Storms scattered the fleets prepared to win him his kingdom. The bride he loved was denied and even the bride he obtained was only secured through the heroic and incredible efforts of Charles Wogan and the three Irish officers. Prince Charles came within sight of success and then, after failure, deserted his father to live a vagabond and disreputable life. Quarrels, jealousies and intrigues rent the tiny exiled court, but in spite of everything there is an undimmed dignity and pathos.

Much unpublished material has been used, and ardent Jacobites will delight in 'Table of the 57 persons with a better claim to the throne of Great Britain in 1714 than the electress Sophia and her son George Lewis (George I)'.

New Novels

The Harsh Voice. By Rebecca West. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Soldier's Wife. By Conal O'Riordan. Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.

The Trial of Linda Stuart. By Mary D. Bickell. Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THE HARSH VOICE is a collection of four short novels prefaced by the lines:

Speaks the harsh voice
We hear when money talks, or hate,
Then comes the softest answer.

Miss West has chosen themes which illustrate the effects of this kind of talk on certain human relations which have no immediate connection with it and in ideal circumstances should be uninfluenced by it. Her illustrations, except perhaps in the third story (otherwise an extremely clever performance), are never trite and never merely ingenious. They sometimes give an impression of ingenuity, it is true, but that is because Miss West's mind is unusually sensitive and at the same time unusually efficient, so that she can formulate a distinction in a phrase so neat that it seems merely amusing. Three of the stories describe what happens when money talks too insistently; and all of them are concerned with misunderstanding of some kind between human beings. The second story, 'There is no Conversation', might stand as the type of them all, and the first paragraph as the text on which Miss West has written them:

There is no such thing as conversation. It is an illusion. There are intersecting monologues, that is all. We speak; we spread round us with sounds, with words, an emanation from ourselves. Sometimes they overlap the circles that others are spreading round themselves. Then they are affected by these other circles, to be sure, but not because of any real communication that has taken place, merely as a scarf of blue chiffon lying on a woman's dressing-table will change colour if she casts down on it a scarf of red chiffon. I am talking now of times when life is being lived, not when it is being talked about, not when the intellect is holding the field.

In the first story, 'Life Sentence', the chief figure actually understands all this, and in his mind can define quite clearly the reasons why his relations with his wife are unhappy. But he cannot put them into words when she is beside him; here, too, there is no conversation; so he accepts divorce as a substitute, but finds, when he meets his wife again years later, that neither that nor anything else is a satisfactory makeshift. 'There is no Conversation' describes the relations between an elderly French dandy and an astute American business woman, who fool each other with the best intentions. The Frenchman loses all his money as a result of this misunderstanding. This story is very skilfully told indeed, and its mixture of comedy and tragedy is both witty and moving. The one unconvincing figure in it is the narrator herself, who is one of those elicitors of confidences such as appear in Henry James's novels, animated with a methodical curiosity about other people's lives which the reader can never quite believe in. Such figures are a necessary literary device for telling a story in a certain way, and often in the most effective way, and how Miss West could have dispensed with it is hard to see. Nevertheless it is a blot. 'The Salt of the Earth' is a tale of a woman so self-righteous that in the most well-meaning way she becomes a plague to all her friends and a torment to her husband, who ends by murdering her. It is the most straightforward and least remarkable of the four stories. 'The Abiding Vision', which is the last, is also fairly straightforward but extremely good. It deals sympathetically with the life of an ordinary American Babbitt who never questions the financial system and is filled with complete incomprehension and despair when it collapses under him. It raises him up again at the end, however, by a farcical fluke which is an admirable comment on the whole theme. The distinguishing quality of these stories is an unusually independent and discriminating intelligence which, penetrating lightly into every situation, shows its components. The writing is delightfully exact and pointed, and makes one realise that the language which most novelists use is a complacent blur.

Soldier's Wife is the latest of several novels which Mr. Conal O'Riordan has devoted to the life of Dublin. They have been highly praised, the dust-cover informs us, by several writers, including Katherine Mansfield, John Galsworthy and Mr. David Garnett. There are passages in the present book

which show that Mr. O'Riordan is a very fine writer, but on the evidence one feels that it cannot be up to the standard of its predecessors. It has certainly the distinction of never reading, even at its slowest, like a second-hand novel, as almost all novels do; the intelligence which informs it shows signs of fatigue, but it is an original intelligence. The story tells of David Quin's return to Dublin after a voyage of exploration into the Arctic on which he had gone when he woke to find that his face had been disfigured by a Polish soldier's lance at Waterloo. The meeting after his long absence with his father, Sir Desmond Quin, an ancient roué, is superbly told, and the Dublin of the early years of Queen Victoria described very convincingly. The shame which David feels on account of his disfigurement is the central theme of the story, but it is not unduly insisted upon. Most of the first part of the story up to the death of David's father is extremely good, and some parts of it, such as the conversations between father and son and the party given to celebrate David's return, are beyond praise. But after that the characters forsake Dublin for the Rhine, and there they become little better than tourists. David's love affair with Constance, the daughter of a woman whom he had loved and renounced as a youth, is for many pages a foregone conclusion both to her and the reader, and yet remains a sealed mystery to him; and its slow unhurried unspinning after everybody but David is sure of the event produces a curious sense of reduplication. The best drawn character in the book is old Sir Desmond, who is so good that he deserves to be compared with the great serio-comic characters in fiction. The whole movement of the story is leisurely, as befits a work on a large scale; and that is not a fault to be complained of, but a virtue; for the hustling, quick moving style of Mr. Hemingway, which has done so much to set the manner of contemporary fiction, would be very out of place in *War and Peace*. The lack of haste in the telling itself helps to give the sense of largeness which such a story as this strives for, and for a time with complete success; but in the second half leisureliness becomes something very like procrastination. Nevertheless Mr. O'Riordan is a distinguished writer, and this book should not be missed.

The Trial of Linda Stuart is a simply and vividly written story which has the great advantage of being quite without the professional touch. Linda Stuart, a pretty, virtuous and unconscionably patient New England girl, stands her trial for murdering a man to whom she had been engaged for fifteen years. By telling the story alternately as it is brought out at the trial and as it was in reality, the author exposes in the most effective way the imperfections of the apparatus of justice as it works in the United States, and indeed elsewhere in modern society. But the main interest of the story resides in its admirably dramatic presentation of Linda Stuart's life. The presentation itself is quite straightforward, but it gives proof indirectly, almost parenthetically, of a great deal of true and sensitive intuition. The man to whom Linda is engaged, and on whom she finally becomes dependent economically and every other way, is filled with hatred and contempt for women in general, and keeps her for such a long time in an equivocal position simply for the satisfaction of exercising power over her. It is not Linda who murders him in the end, but an idiot youth who was devoted to her. This is the one melodramatically improbable incident in the story, but owing to its dramatic importance it is a somewhat serious one. The book is not particularly well-written, nor very remarkable by literary standards; but the feeling is true and refreshingly free from the slickness of the professional novelist, and that is quite unusual even in a first novel, as this seems to be.

Mr. Muir also recommends *Latter Howe*, by Doreen Wallace (Collins); *The Return*, by Norah C. James (Duckworth); *Early Morning*, by R. H. Mottram (Hutchinson)—all at 7s. 6d.; and *The Road Leads On*, by Knut Hamsun (Rich and Cowan, 10s.).